MILLS & LEDROIT RETURN WITH "REQUIEM #10: BLOOD BATH"!

MARCH 2012

HEAVY METAL

WORLD'S FOREMOST ADULT ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

HEAVY METAL

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LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

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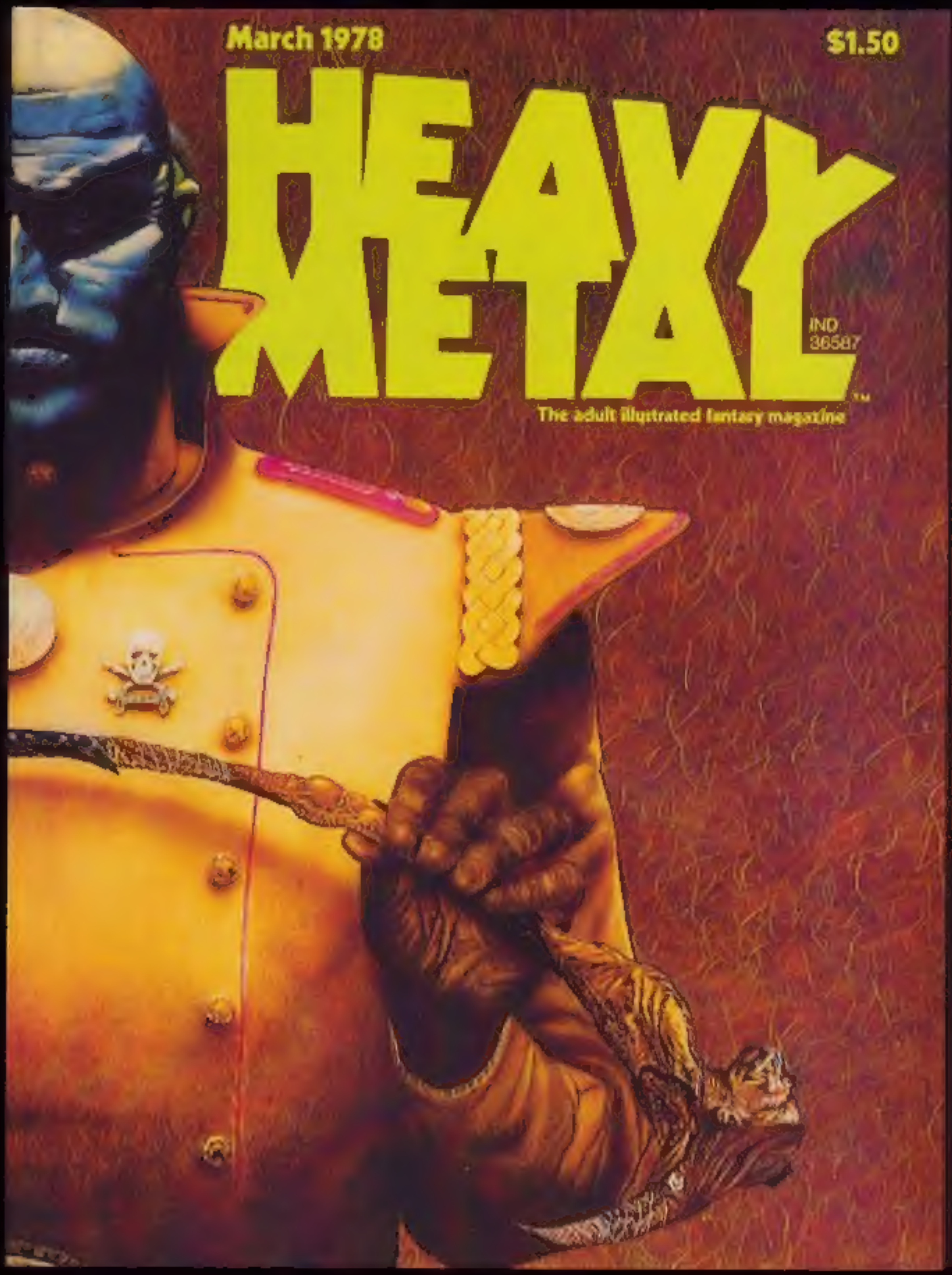


MARCH 1978 COVER: COLONEL KILLING BY JIM BURNS

THE BOGEY'S DICTIONARY

by Josef Rother (Script) & Axel Medellin Machain (Art)

Market-Square A place where you find everything and meet everyone, especially those people you don't want to meet.

Organ Size matters.

Choice See *Agony*

Purchase A state of transition. See *Religion*

Home See Home Sweet Home

Home Sweet Home A place
determined by its aromatic smell

Cleavage (Female) A dark valley of pleasure

Cleavage (Male) A dark valley

Ooze See Humour

Tentacles Something with suckers

Mucus See *Humour*

Caress (Tender) Something for suckers

Phlegm See *Humour*

Death Sibling of Love (See Sex).

Humour A secretion

Handkerchief Some people believe in sharing everything, except for handkerchiefs

Helping (Second) A custom among people that do not believe in helping other people

Foot A part of the body that should always be locked airtight in shoes.

Foot-Worship See a doctor

Snot See *Humour*

Mud-Wrestling See *Men*

Mud See *Slime*

Slime See *Humour*

Babe See *Woman*

Woman See *Beauty*

Beauty See *Eye of the Beholder*

Replacement of Goods See *Fantasy*

The End See *All Good Things*

Hollywood's new hotshot isn't really so new
—but are his movies really hot?

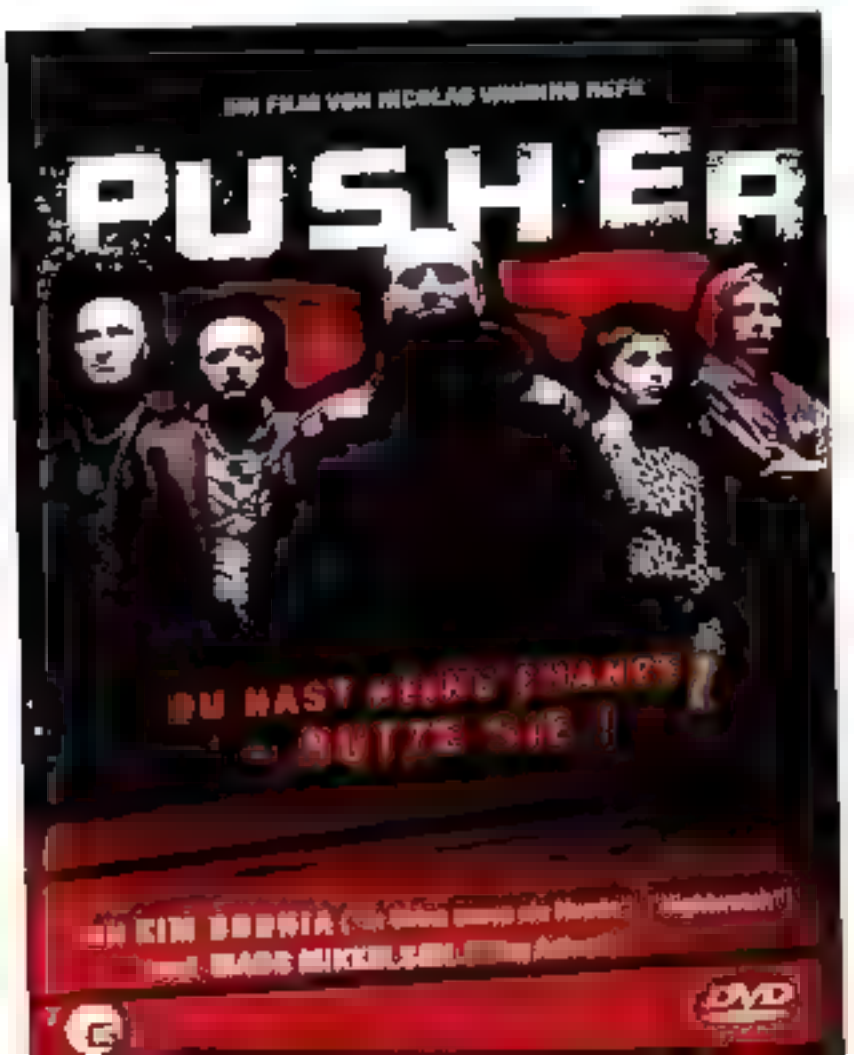
(Or: Shaking down Nicolas Winding Refn in New York)

By Horatio W[illegible]sfeld Gaka[illegible]@aol.com

My buddy Danny is hardcore Brooklyn - not easily impressed "You see *Valhalla Rising*?" he asked. "That was some sick shit." *Valhalla Rising*? What the hell was that? I'm the guy who brings the goods to Danny, not the other way around. I got home, checked IMDB, saw that the box featured a guy holding a bloody sword and acquired the fucker immediately. The story seemed to the point. This one-eyed Norse barbarian hacks and stabs and cuts the heads off local clan chiefs who had imprisoned him as a tournament fighter. Later he gets mixed up with crusading Viking types, which leads to yet more trouble.

One thing I couldn't get straight were the weird visions the dude kept having throughout the story, so I went to my buddy Pedro, a longtime Conan (The Barbarian) fanatic who manages the lobby in my mother's apartment building. He explained the riddle of *Valhalla Rising* during his cigarette break. The Norse guy's got precognition like some Wall Street quant could only dream about. Wow! So now I knew the movie is like Robert E Howard mashed up with Werner Herzog's *The Wrath of God* Alex Nino and Motorhead. Dig it? Maybe?

Okay, anybody who knows me knows I'm obsessed with films and film directors – so now I had the rush on: who was this guy who made *Valhalla Rising*, this Nicolas Winding Refn? IMDB said he directed the three *Pusher* movies. Shit. I remember they were showing the first *Pusher* flick in New York way back in... the stone age (the year 1996). I didn't bother to see



Pusher for some reason, despite it having been written up for possessing what are for me the two most important ingredients in any motion picture: 1) Graceful filmmaking. 2) Generous servings of horrific violence.

So with *Valhalla Rising* now having turned me into a slavering Nicolas Winding Refn beast, I collected all three *Pushers* faster than you could spit, and this time there was nothing supernatural, Zen or otherwise spiritual to be seen; no sense of universal order beyond endless waves of cruel and bloody havoc.

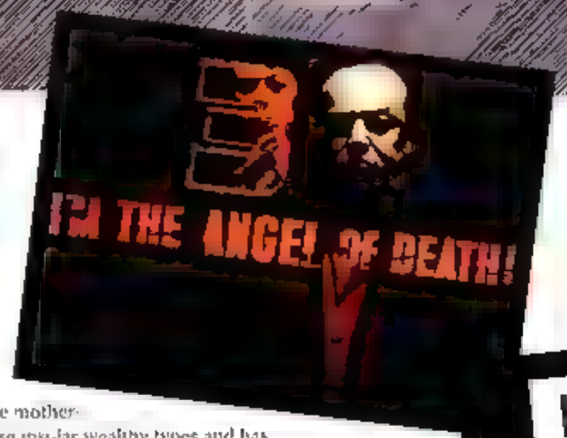
Pusher I goes like this: some dude manages his bread and butter street drug dealing like another person might run a small entrepreneurship of any other sort: sometimes you get your product for a little less, sometimes a little more. If one of the users comes to owe too much, you gotta threaten to break his face; and if one day you decide you're sick of the game and try a big score, borrowing a bunch of drugs, intending to pay for them later out of your first sale, and something goes wrong WHAT'S YOUR ASS. You are sucked into a skull smashing battle for survival. Hour by hour and then minute to minute. Your number is up. You lose.

By the time we get to *Pusher 3*, the local gang boss/distributor the same guy who was so determined to collect his blood money from the hero in *Pusher 1*, is the only character left so naturally he has become the hero. *Pusher 3* was made 15 years after *Pusher 1*, so at first the old guy seems to have mellowed. But when the chips are down and our man gets pushed to the wall by punk-ass drug and slave traffickers, he hammers his way back to the murder game with inspiring and heart warming gusto. The detailed methods employed at the film's climax, to prep and dispose of much human trash, is a truly jaw-dropping spectacle of skill and efficiency we're talking about a number of seriously metaphysically incorrect persons finishing the day hung up by their buster browns, barnyard style (see pictorial accompaniment below). It was at this point I became sure Nicolas Winding Refn is a goddamn poet.

After my initial viewing of *Pusher 3*, I rushed the film to Brooklyn Danny and watched with delight as the final act had my East New York, smack-era seasoned buddy gasping in audible horror. You see, for some time I'd felt obliged to Danny for turning me onto *Valhalla Rising* but now I knew I'D PAID MY DEBT IN FULL.

So a few days later my ole buddy Cali Prince Pete rolls into town. Cali Prince Pete used to be one of us New York boys back when Manhattan was a first rate crime bazaar, but now the motherfucker's one of those insular wealthy types and has all but abandoned the home crew for his Laguna Beach, mountaintop Shangri-La. One thing I can't deny is that Cali Prince Pete still knows more about the nuts and bolts of film better than anyone (the rat bastard), so I was eager to get him to watch *Valhalla Rising* and show him up with my "Refn" discovery.

"Ahh, clumsy jump cuts. I can't tell what's going on," complained Cali Prince Pete, about 10 minutes into *Valhalla*, and I had to admit he was somewhat right about that film being a bit fractured in spots. Worse, I couldn't get him to sit through more than the first few (relatively peaceful,) scenes of *Pusher 3*. The bastard hadn't given the films a chance and dismissed Refn and me with a wave of his hand. Now I was pissed. Nicolas Winding Refn and I had to figure out some way to hit back at the arrogant son of a bitch - but how? It would take some time.



This past September brought a number of interesting events. Occupy Wall Street, a spreading series of disastrous doings in the European Bond Markets (further signs of a world fallen to the hands of a left brained Ponzi math death cult, and most important of all, the release of Nicolas Winding Refn's new film *Drive*, starring Ryan Gosling.

I had been trying to find out anything I could about *Drive* all last year. In fact, I wanted to make *Drive* and Refn the subject of the very first METAL MEDIA section but my calls and emails to the movie people went unreturned or the responses were efforts to convince me to write about other movies they were promoting at the time (like *Hobo with a Shotgun*). During the summer, I'd begun to hear some strange reports. Refn's *Drive* was garnering prestige awards at international film festivals. I was puzzled: establishment accolades for a guy whose movies

play like a rock upside your head? I felt deep suspicion for me, sadly, awards and accreditations no longer necessarily indicated anything good (doubters, read the history on Scholes, Merton and their being awarded the 1994 Nobel Prize in Economic Sciences, legitimizing specious math techniques that were used to set the stage for our present world financial crises. 'Nuff said.)

I was talking with Cali Prince Pete regularly, and as usual, almost entirely about movies, but I became afraid to mention *Drive* at all. Reading about all the world's problems had already been getting me down, so was I now going to get all excited about a movie I hadn't seen, on the word of some "experts" and be set up for more agonizing comments from this bi-coastal asshole? FUCK THAT! I'd keep my mouth shut for now.

Drive's official American premiere finally came on September 22 along with more good reviews. When I called him on that Friday Cali Prince Pete sounded brain dead tired, so I figured he might see this new movie without making the *Valhalla/Pusher* connection (giving me a pass if the movie turned out to be a total dog). For whatever reason, the week before Drive opened, I couldn't help but egg the guy on. I would sneak in comments like "Hey, I hear that Drive is supposed to be really good" and "You might consider going to see that movie Drive" I made no mention of the director and neither did Cali Prince Pete. This was odd behavior for us. It gave me pause. Had my buddy already made the *Valhalla/Pusher/Drive* connection was he just saying in order to tear the new film apart? The filthy prick.

I waited a couple of days and then called him on Monday with some bullshit question about some obscure comic artist. We spoke a few more minutes and then: "You know I saw that movie *Drive*... Parts of that movie, " he said in a low firm tone which I knew was reserved only for the most serious matters. "Parts of that movie are good I mean REAL GOOD" So I asked, attempting to sound casual: "Did you notice the director's name?"

"Yeah" he replied, kind off handedly " the guy who did *Valhalla Rising*." He tried to act cool, and maybe he was, but now I knew. HE KNEW.

Thanksgiving 2011

I've now watched Nicolas Winding Refn's *Drive* 4 times and I'm looking forward to a 5th. I've examined the wonderfully clean and tight pre-credits opening chase (which riffs on some of my favorite 70s-80s era Michael Mann and Walter Hill stuff) 10-15 times on You Tube. Even my mama likes it. "It was, underneath, such a sweet story," she said. So does *Drive* show some new Refn outlook grounded in peace, love and understanding? Not fucking hardly. The movie culminates with a smorgasbord of eye-stabbing, strangling, razor-artery slashing, shower rod impalement and point-blank gun death. But get this. Last week I went to the Upper West Side Barnes and Noble and I saw this slick magazine that resembled one of those fancy French fashion rags - and, cover to cover, it's was all about *Drive*. Nothing but *Drive*.

Epilogue

Now the wizards in Hollywood have got the hot new director of 2011 attached to a remake of *Logan's Run*. So I'm thinking, Man if they're going to have Nicolas Winding Refn re-do 70s sci-fi couldn't they have given him something more like *Soylent Green*? Whatever. 15 years after the first *Pusher* played in New York, I can only give thanks that some people really know talent when they see it.

Requiem

HIROSHIMA. SEPTEMBER 14, 1945

WHAT CAN I DO TO EASE YOUR SOULS?

YES. I MUST TAKE THE BASTARDS WHO DID THIS AND KILL THEM. GRINDING THEM INTO PIECES.

I WILL DEDICATE A REQUIEM TO THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

ONLY THEN WILL IT BE POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SMILE AND REST IN PEACE.

IT'S LIKE A MONSTER STEAM ROLLER HAS PASSED OVER IT AND SQUASHED IT OUT OF EXISTENCE.

WE ORIGINALLY CHOSE KYOTO FOR THE BOMB, YOU KNOW...?

BUT THE SECRETARY OF WAR OVERRULED US BECAUSE HE HONEYMOONED THERE

NOBODY'S GOING TO HONEYMOON IN HIROSHIMA.

IF THEY HADN'T SURRENDERED, TOKYO WAS GOING TO GET IT AFTER NAGASAKI

BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT? THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OF THE CITY LEFT TO DESTROY

WELL, I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T HELL, OUR BOYS NEED PXS AND CLUBS AND PLACES TO BE SERVICED BY HOOKERS.

OKAY, BUDDY. STOP HERE.

THANK YOU, SIR! THANK YOU AWFULLY!

THIS WAS THE HYPOCENTRE OF THE BLAST

ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?

WE HAVE NO REASON TO BELIEVE THERE ARE ANY TOXIC EFFECTS

IT'S ABSOLUTELY SAFE

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, SOLDIER? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THE EMPEROR ORDERED YOU ALL TO LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS.

MY EMPEROR IS DEAD

HE THREW AWAY HIS DIVINITY AND BOWED HIS HEAD LIKE A DOG.

HE DIED THE DAY HE SURRENDERED.

WHERE'S OUR ESCORT? TELL THEM TO GET HERE! FAST!

THANK YOU, SIR! THANK YOU AWFULLY!

WHO...? WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

WELL, DON'T BLAME ME I'M JUST A SCIENTIST

I'M ONLY A SENATOR. THE DECISION TO DROP THE BOMB WAS THE PRESIDENT'S.

SHINK

SHINK

I'LL TELL YOU WHO IS RESPONSIBLE! YOU ARE! IF YOU PEOPLE HADN'T ATTACKED US, THIS WOULDN'T BE NECESSARY!

BUT I AM A SOLDIER! I JUST ..

"OBEY ORDERS?" SURE!

SHINK

GET THE CRAZY BASTARD!

THERE IS AN OLD SAMURAI SAYING.. ABOUT BRINGING A SOUVENIR TO HELL..

KILLING AN ENEMY AT THE TIME OF MY DEATH.

YOU HAIRY BARBARIANS WHO SMELL LIKE ANIMALS WILL BE MY SOUVENIRS.

MY SOUVENIRS TO HELL.

I CURSE IT ALL.

WHAT IS THE EMPEROR? WHAT IS JAPAN? WHAT IS LOVE OF COUNTRY? WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

ALL OF THIS EATS SHIT

I SPIT ON IT

WHATEVER IS WAITING FOR ME IN HELL, IT CANNOT BE AS BAD AS THIS.

YOU WANT TO JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS, HUH?
I'LL OBLIGE YOU
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

THE DARK HARBOR, NECROPOLIS

YOU TALK OF OUR ATTACK ON DARK HARBOR AS COWARDLY THURIM..

BUT WHAT OF THE BATTLE OF SHEN-TEN-RAI WHEN YOU STARVED THE SURVIVORS IN MY CASTLE DENYING US A HONORABLE DEATH?

SINCE I DON'T REMEMBER THE BATTLE IT CAN SCARCELY HAVE BEEN OF ANY GREAT CONSEQUENCE

THE WOLF REMEMBERS NOT THE BITE OF THE TICK AS HE CONTEMPTUOUSLY SCRATCHES IT AWAY

AND YOU HAVE MUCH IN COMMON WITH A TICK. THOUGH YOU ARE SMALLER AND LOUDER

THIS FOUL BLOOD SUCKER POURS INSULTS UPON MY HEAD LIKE THE MONSOON RAINS UPON THE BATTLE OF KITAKYUSHUTOKO!

FALL UPON HIM LIKE THE MERCILESS WINTER SNOWS UPON KAMAKURI YAMI DESTROY HIM LIKE THE MIGHTY HOKUSAI WAVE DESTROYED FUKUOKA!

FOR HE WHO INSULTS YOUR SENSEI INSULTS YOU!

WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW HERE? THE ORGAN GRINDER OR THE MONKEY?

I AM THE ORGAN GRINDER I AM HE WHO WILL GRIND YOUR ORGANS TO PULP

USE THE SWORD THRUST OF THE STINGING SCORPION WHICH I PERFECTED AT THE BATTLE OF HONSHU!

WHERE I SLAYED THOUSANDS OF WARRIORS. THEIR BODIES PILED SO HIGH I AFTERWARD CLIMBED THEM TO REACH THE MOON!

YOU ARE A TRUE KAMIKAZE, TENGU. CONSTANTLY PRODUCING "DIVINE WIND"!

WILL YOU LET ANOTHER INSULT TO GO UNAVENGED? AT THE BATTLE OF YOSU-KI...

..I NOT ONLY GAVE THE DEATH OF A THOUSAND CUTS TO A HUNDRED WARRIORS FOR A FRACTION OF HIS INSULTS..

!?

..BUT I LIKEWISE DISPATCHED THEIR MOTHERS. FATHERS. CHILDREN. CONCUBINES CATS. DOGS AND GRANDPARENTS!

SO IT'S TRUE.. THEY SAID I'D FIND TENGU HERE.

TENGU!

TENGU!

CRYPTOS!

TENGU!

CRYPTOS!

TENGU!

CRYPTOS!

!!!

OH, THE DELIGHTS OF JUVENILE DEMENTIA! YES, I THINK WE HAVE ESTABLISHED YOU GENTLEMEN KNOW EACH OTHER DOUBTLESS YOU'VE MET IN SOME PAST BATTLE WHICH YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO DESCRIBE IN EXCRUCIATING DETAIL

BUT IF I COULD ASK YOU BOTH TO PERHAPS EXCHANGE MEMOIRS LATER, SO THE SAMURAI AND I MAY CONCENTRATE ON THE BUSINESS IN HAND?

YES, FASCINATING AS YOUR MEMOIRS WOULD BE WE COULD NOT POSSIBLY DO THEM JUSTICE WHILE ENGAGED IN SWORD PLAY

TENGU!

CRYPTOS!

OH, DEVIL

TIME FOR A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?

THE NUKEKUBI

AH, YES. A TALENT UNIQUE TO JAPANESE VAMPIRES.

OUCH!

YES! YOU DON'T TEACH THAT ON THE MOON, DO YOU, CRYPTOS?

HA! HA! HA! HA!

WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE IS THAT?

NUKE 'EM, BOY! NUKE 'EM GOOD!

DESIST MASTER! SUCH WORDS ARE IN BAD TASTE...

FOR A KNIGHT WHO SEEKS VENGEANCE FOR HIROSHIMA!

ENOUGH!

OF COURSE IT'S IN BAD TASTE! GOOD TASTE IS AGAINST THE LAW IN HELL!

TIME FOR A TUTORIAL!

HEAVY METAL

I WILL GUIDE YOU, REQUIEM. FOLLOW MY DIRECTIONS AND YOU WILL BE VICTORIOUS!

PAF

PAF

PAF

WHERE THE SAMURAI IS FIRE, YOU MUST BE FROST! FREEZE HIS FEROCITY! THEN GET WITHIN HIS DEFENCE LIKE ICE IN CRACKED GRANITE, EXPANDING TO SHATTER EVEN THE MIGHTIEST FOE!

NOW, REQUIEM, FIRE UP YOUR BLADE WITH RIGHTEOUS FURY!

YOU WILL FIGHT SUCH A BATTLE WITH THE SAMURAI AS WILL BE SPOKEN OF FOR CENTURIES OF SIN. BALLADS WILL BE SUNG TO MY TRAINING SKILL

I DARESAY YOU WILL GET A MENTION, TOO. BUT MAINLY IT WILL BE ME THEY SPEAK OF.

TAKE THE HEAD OF THE SAMURAI AND THAT BOASTFUL LITTLE BASTARD TENGU!

I NEVER BOAST LIKE HIM. GREAT WEIGHT HAVE MY WORDS. I KEEP THEM SHEATHED LIKE G[redacted] TOO PRECIOUS TO BE FIRED UNLESS NEEDED.

NOW I BROUGHT YOU UP TO MY SUPREME LEVEL OF FIGHTING PROWESS

BUT YOU'RE ONLY THREE FEET TALL

REMEMBER ALL I TAUGHT YOU ON THE MOON. THE MARTIAL ARTS I INITIATED YOU IN

YOU'D FAIL IN MY VAMPIRE UNIVERSITY!

PAF

I'M SENDING YOU DOWN!

I'LL KEEP YOU ON MY SHOULDERS.

NOT IMPRESSED NOT IMPRESSED AT ALL.

ALTERNATE YOUR STROKES USE FIRST THE SNAP OF THE HUNGRY CROCODILE! THEN THE THRUST OF THE RAVENOUS WOLF!

NO!

NO!

NO! NO! THAT'S PATHETIC! THAT'S THE SUCK OF THE TOOTHLESS CROCODILE AND THE FART OF THE FEEBLE WOLF!

WHAT A RELIEF TO HAVE HIM OFF MY BACK.

THE ONLY MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY TO GET ANY EXERCISE

I KNOW THE FEELING

I'LL NEED A SHARP BLADE TO REMOVE YOUR FOUL TONGUE...

IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TENGU PREPARE TO MEET THE ULTIMATE MASTER

ADD "BATE" TO THE END OF THAT SENTENCE AND YOU WILL BE TRUTHFUL FOR ONCE!

IT'S PAYBACK TIME, CRYPTOS.

FEEL FREE TO HAVE A GO YOURSELF IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER, MASTER.

VERY WELL. LOWER ME TO THE GROUND, AND YOU'LL SEE HOW I CAME TO BE A LEGEND.

CRYPTOS, YOU SAWN-OFF LITTLE CREEP!

COME DOWN AND FACE YOUR NEMESIS!

AT THE BATTLE OF SHAN-RE-TAN I SLEW SEVERAL THOUSAND WITH MY BRUTAL, BRAIN SPILLING BLADES.

SEVERAL THOUSAND WARRIORS OR WORMS? IF YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE

YOUR JEALOUSY IS PATHETIC. I WAS A GOD THAT DAY

I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY YOU WERE HIDING IN A GEISHA'S SKIRTS. NOT THAT YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO THERE

MAY I ASK WHY A VAMPIRE FIGHTS WITH GHOULS AGAINST HIS OWN KIND?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE IS SURELY A VAMPIRE THE GREATEST MONSTER OF ALL.

[redacted]SIBLE FOR [redacted]NG OF HIROSHIMA AND THE MURDER OF 166,000 PEOPLE

AND YOU, THURIM? WHAT IS YOUR QUEST?

I WAS THURIM IN A PAST LIFE. I AM NOW REQUIEM.

I SEEK TO BE UNITED WITH REBECCA, A VICTIM, WHOM I WAS IN LOVE WITH ON EARTH

AND YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH HER ON RESURRECTION?

I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE

I FEEL I HAVE AN OBLIGATION, A DUTY TO FIND HER, TO SAVE HER

SO WHY DO YOU PUT UP WITH THE ABUSE AND INSULTS OF YOUR MASTER?

BECAUSE HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW

I MUST DO THE RIGHT THING

WHY WOULD YOU DO THE RIGHT THING?

I FEEL I HAVE AN OBLIGATION, A DUTY TO LOOK AFTER HIM NOW HE'S YOUNG.

YOU MUST DO THE RIGHT THING?

YOU'RE IN HELL!

YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE GREATEST WARRIOR OF ALL TIME CRYPTOS. AT THE BATTLE OF KAMAKURA, I TOOK SEVEN ARROWS TO THE HEAD AND MERELY PULLED THEM OUT AND SPAT THEM BACK AT THOSE WHO SHOT THEM!

I THINK YOUR MEMORY IS FAULTY WITH YOUNG AGE TENGU! YOU TOOK SEVEN ARROWS RUNNING AWAY! I KNOW FOR IT WAS I WHO SHOT THEM... EVEN AGAINST THE WIND. I COULD NOT MISS SUCH A TARGET AS YOUR FAT ARSE FLEEING THE FIGHT

IT IS TIME FOR LORD CRYPTO'S FEED

AND LORD TENGU'S ALSO

THEN WE WILL STOP THE FIGHT WHILE THEY FEED.

I THOUGHT BLOOD WAS TOO RICH FOR HIM?

IT IS DILUTED WITH SQUEEZED GNOULS' GONADS JUICE MIXED WITH A LITTLE SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE

I FIND MINE SLEEPS SOUNDLY AFTER A BOTTLE OF [illegible] AND MILK FROM [illegible]

IF YOU WANT MY ADVICE REQUIEM, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU FORGET THIS REBECCA. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BROUGHT YOU NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

DITCH THE BITCH

YES. THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM ON THE MOON

MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO AGREE WITH CRYPTOS, HE'S RIGHT

I'VE ALWAYS KEPT DRAGON AWAY FROM WOMEN BECAUSE HE COULD BE DISTRACTED BY THOUGHTS OF THEIR CREAMY WHITE BREASTS AND BOTTOMS LIKE PRIME PEACHES.

WHEN INSTEAD, HE HAS THE GREATER PLEASURE OF LISTENING TO MY WISDOM WASHING ME FEEDING ME AND ATTENDING TO MY EVERY NEED

BURP! BURP!

BURP! BURP!

THE THRONE ROOM

ZARKOV! YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET YOUR DESTINY!

KA

BOOM

AND YOUR DESTINY IS AS MY MEAT!

[redacted] GROUND! YOU ARE VAMPIRE KNIGHTS! DESTRUCTION TO ALL WHO TREAD OUR SACRED FLOORS!

A STANDING FIELD OF WHEAT DESERVES TO BE REAPED!

ZARKOV!

MORTIS...? WHERE THE HELL IS MORTIS? HE SHOULD BE HERE TO HELP ME!

ZARKOV, I WILL EAT YOU ALIVE...

HEAD FIRST, SO YOU CAN SEE THE HELL THAT AWAITS YOU BEFORE MY DIGESTIVE JUICES DISSOLVE YOUR EYES!

DAMN! TANK MUST HAVE SHRUNK

MY BEST FROCK RUINED! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT ZARKOV!

SCREETCH!

I'LL CHEW YOU SLOWLY

GETTING ME NAKED WAS ALL PART OF YOUR PLOT EH?

WHAT? THE SIGHT OF YOU WITHOUT CLOTHES WOULD MAKE A BLIND MAN THROW UP

YOU LOOK EVEN MORE LOATHSOME THAN WHEN I KILLED YOU ON EARTH.

AND TORE OUT MY THROAT

SLAM!

IT'S TIME I RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT- WITH INTEREST!

AAAHHH!

HAH! SO THERE ARE SOME NERVE ENDINGS BURIED BENEATH ALL THAT BLUBBER!

WHAT?!

WHAT THE HEAVEN!?

NO GOOD LANGUAGE, IF YOU PLEASE

I'LL BITE YOUR GUTS ON THE WAY DOWN! GIVE YOU THE TERMINAL TROTS!

SNAP!

NEXT STOP . BOWEL TOWN

NO!!!

STOP KICKING, YOU'LL GIVE ME WIND.

AAAHHH!!

SCREAM, YOU RED SLUT UNTIL YOUR LUNGS FLOOD WITH DIGESTIVE ACID.

THEN SCREAM SILENTLY AS YOUR BRAIN TURNS TO SLUDGE

NOW FOR THAT SKINNY WHORE BATHORY, THE [redacted]

WHERE DO I FIND HER?

PERHAPS I CAN BE OF ASSITANCE LADY MITRA?

AH. MORTIS READY TO BETRAY YOUR FELLOW VAMPIRES, EH? EXCELLENT TREACHERY SHARPENS MY APPETITE

TRULY MY LAD, YOUR APPETITE IS IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO YOUR BEAUTY : MUST ADVERT MY EYES SO I AM NOT OVERCOME WITH... WITH...

LUST?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. IF YOU FOLLOW THESE BLOOD PIPES THEY WILL LEAD YOU TO HER [redacted]

OF COURSE! I CAN CRAWL ALONG INSIDE THEM AND THEN ARISE IN HER BATH...

LIKE AN AVENING ANGEL!

WELL ER- PERHAPS IT WOULD BE MORE IMPRESSIVE IF YOU CONFRONTED HER DIRECTLY

AFTER ALL, CRAWLING THROUGH WASTE PIPES IS FOR RATS NOT FOR SOMEONE AS LOVELY AS YOU.

YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL TAKE THE BLOOD-BITCH HEAD ON.

SHE'LL BE SO STUNNED BY THE SIGHT OF MY BEAUTY I'LL EASILY GET THE BETTER OF HER

BODY DISMORPHIA IS A WONDERFUL THING!

THE ANTE ROOM TO THE TREASURE CHAMBER

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT MITRA, VOODOO. SHE IS CLEARLY PATHOLOGICALLY HIGH SPIRITED

OKAY SHE'S A PSYCHOPATH. BUT THAT'S A GOOD THING IN OUR LINE OF WORK.

ORDINARILY: YES. BUT HER VIOLENCE AROUSAL DISORDER IS INTERESTING WITH OUR EQUAL OPPORTUNITY CORPORATE VENTURE.

NAMELY THE LIBERATION OF THE TREASURE ROOM, THE ACQUISITION OF IT'S FISCAL ASSETS AND DISTRIBUTION AMONGST OUR FELLOW SHAREHOLDERS IN SLAUGHTER

YOU'RE RIGHT SHE'S MORE INTERESTED IN REVENGE THAN TREASURE

SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?

A POSITIVE CORPORATE TAKEOVER. REMOVING AN ADVERSE NEGATIVE FIGURE HEAD IN THE INTEREST OF THE COLLECTIVE SHAREHOLDERS.

YOU MEAN WE EXPIRE HER AND ONE OF US TAKES OVER AS HEAD OF THE GUILD?

EXACTLY

WELL, I GUESS NONE OF US WILL SHED ANY TEARS AT HER PASSING.

INDEED. A SECRET MOTOR PHENOMENON CHARACTERIZED BY THE EMISSION OF LIQUID FROM THE LACRIMAL APPARTUS WITHOUT IRRITATION OF THE OCULAR STRUCTURE WOULD BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR THE LOSS OF THE METABOLIC OVER ACHIEVER.

YEAH WOULD ANYONE CARE ABOUT THE FAT PIG. SO HOW DO WE DO IT? HANG HER FROM THE YARD ARM?

NO A LIGATURE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE AS HER BODY MASS INDEX IS BEYOND THE BELL CURVE

SHE'LL BREAK THE GALLOWS.

SO I'LL CUT HER VISUALLY CHALLENGING HEAD OFF!

THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

AS A TOKEN OF MY SUPPORT, PLEASE, LADY VOODOO. BE THE FIRST TO DIVERT TREASURE TO YOUR PERSONAL ACCOUNT

HMM. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE STATUES

THEY COULD BE BAD LOAS.

THAT IS AN UNREALISTIC CONCEPT BASED ON DELUSIONAL FOLK BELIEFS HELD BY THE FACTUALLY UNENCUMBERED.

THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR.

?

DOUBTLESS THEY WILL CONTINUE THEIR BATTLE AFTER THEY HAVE RESTED

LET ME AID YOU ON YOUR QUEST DRAGON BY DISCOVERING THE ENEMY YOU SEEK

YOU MEAN WITH THE HELP OF YOUR SCANNER GUN?

NO THE SCANNER ONLY SHOWS WHAT IS HIDDEN IN OUR MINDS...

MUCH MORE

MY SWORD CAN SHOW MORE.

WHAT IS THIS, DRAGON?

FRATERNISING WITH THE ENEMY?

THERE WILL BE HEAVY DISCIPLINE FOR THIS AND SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

OH. YES. PLEASE THANK YOU. TRIADE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT I DESERVE IT

NO MORE VOICES IN MY EAR. JUST SILENCE

THIS IS A SERIOUS MATTER

THIS VAMPIRE IS YOUR ENEMY.

NO! TRIADE IS YOUR ENEMY!

I WILL TAKE AWAY TRIADE'S DEATH MASKS AND YOU WILL SEE WHO THEY WERE IN LIFE

THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! TRIADE IS MY COMRADE! YOUR SWORD LIES!

OPPENHEIMER THE SCIENTIST WHO FATHERED THE ATOMIC BOMB PROGRAM

TRUMAN THE PRESIDENT WHO GAVE THE ORDER TO DROP IT ON HIROSHIMA

TIBBETS THE PILOT WHO CARRIED OUT THE ORDER.

THIS IS WHY THE CREATURE IS A THREE HEADED GHOUL A HYPOCRITE ONE OF THE LOWER FORMS OF EVIL ON RESURRECTION

EACH HEAD SEEKS TO DENY ITS OWN EVIL BLAMING THE OTHERS FOR ITS CRIME

THE SCIENTISTS INVENTED THE BOMB- NOT ME WHAT COULD I DO? UNINVENT IT?

THE GOVERNMENT TOLD ME WE HAD TO BEAT THE GERMAN NUCLEAR PROGRAM.

IT'S THEIR RESPONSIBILITY THEY TOLD ME IT WAS NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR

SO MANY EXCUSES. UNLIKE WE VAMPIRES WHO ADMIT WHAT WE ARE AND REVEL IN IT

MAY I ASSIST YOU IN ENDING THEM?

NO THANK YOU, MY FRIEND

THEY'RE ALL MINE!

I THOUGHT THE ENEMY I SOUGHT WAS A VAMPIRE ..

WHEN ALL THE TIME IT WAS YOU, MY CLOSEST COMRADE IN ARMS!

ONLY HELL COULD DEVISE SUCH SWEET TORMENT!

IN KARMIC TERMS, OUR ENEMY IS ALWAYS CLOSE, DRAGON, AS I KNOW TO MY COST

IT'S HOW FATE WORKS AND NONE OF US ARE FREE OF IT

THE VORTEX OF FATE DRAWS US ALL

THE BOMB WAS RETRIBUTION

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

DON'T BLAME IT ON THE LEADERS.

THE SCIENTISTS.

THE PILOTS.

IN THE END EVERYONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOMB..

TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

THEY'RE ALL DEAD

... IF THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD, LET'S TRY TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT BEFORE WE KILL EACH OTHER! I USED TO BE AN INSURANCE AGENT AFTER ALL!

F. BACON

OK!... MY NAME'S BACON!

FRANK BEACON!!!

I'M LESTER OUTSIDE! HEADING FOR THE STRAITS!

I'M ALSO HEADING THERE!.. WHY DON'T WE WAIT FOR THE MORNING TO SHAKE HANDS.. I'D LIKE TO GAUGE THE EXTENT OF DAMAGES TO MY SHIP.. YOU SHOULD ALSO CHECK YOURS!

OK! WE'LL MEET FOR COFFEE!

I'VE GOT PURE ARABICA!!!

I HAVE TO HURRY NOW!

KEEP CALM...

FOLLOW THE PROTOCOL OF COMPRESSION.

PUNCH IN THE CORRECT CODE ONTO THE DOLPHIN'S SPINE'S CONNECTION NODES

STEP BACK!

OBSERVE THE ANIMAL'S BODY MOLD AS REQUIRED.

. INTO THE SHAPE OF A GOLD BAR

NO NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHY.

NO TIME TO WASTE. HEAD FOR THE FREEZER ROOM.

STORE THE BAR THERE, AND...

WHAT IS THIS?

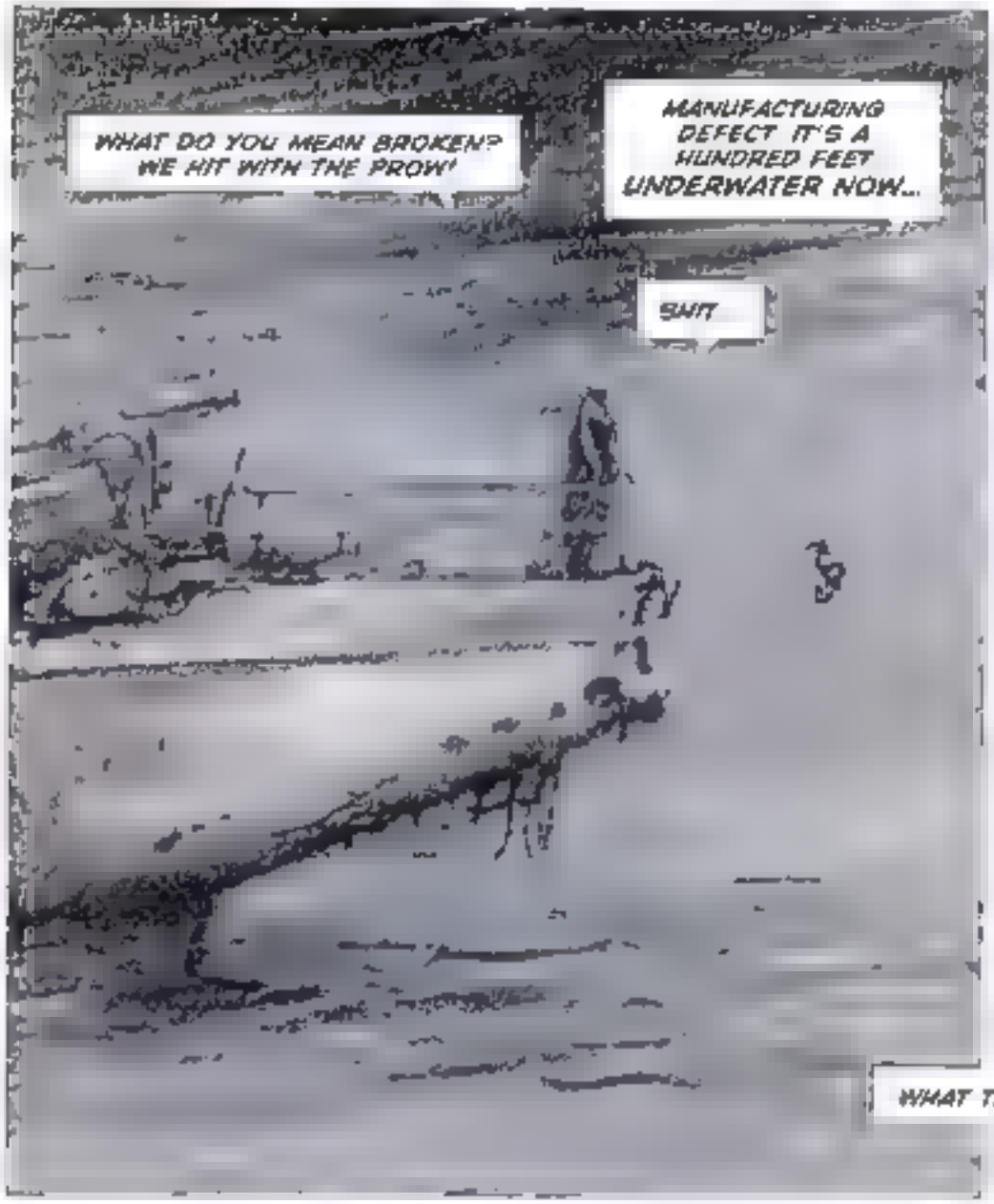
A COUPLE ALREADY HERE. TWO COMPRESSION PACKS, SIMILAR TO MINE

THIS CONFIRMS IT. MY VICTIM IS A "PLUGGED IN" FIRST GENERATION JUST LIKE ME, THREE NODES ARRANGED IN A TRIANGLE..

I OPT TO GET RID OF THE BODY VIA THE TORPEDO BAY

I HOOK HER UP TO THE NOW ORPHAN PACK FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON...

.. LOAD HER IN...


WHAT DO YOU MEAN BROKEN? WE HIT WITH THE PROW!
MANUFACTURING DEFECT IT'S A HUNDRED FEET UNDERWATER NOW...
SHIT

WHAT THE HELL DO I DO WITHOUT A PROPELLER?

I LOOKED ALL OVER. ANA POZZANO WAS ALONE ON BOARD WHEN I CAME IN. THE OTHER MUTATION PACK BELONGED TO HER HUSBAND, MICHELANGELO, LOST AT SEA A FEW DAYS EARLIER...

I OBTAINED THAT INFORMATION FROM THEIR ROBO DRONE OBSTER. THAT I FIXED UP AND REINITIALIZED WITH MY ATTRIBUTES. IMAGE. VOICE. SKIN TEXTURE. I ZAPPED THE SMELL INFO. THE DOLPHIN'S NOT HAVING DISSIPATED YET;... I RENAMED HIM PINCH ME. HE'S MY SERVANT NOW

PINCH ME, YOU LOOK SO HANDSOME!

TIME FOR COFFEE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I LIKE IT MORE WITH WATER..

IT'S SALT WATER!

SO WHAT?

A FLYING TURTLE? I DIDN'T SEE

ODD. TO DRINK SALT WATER TO SAVE FRESH WATER

IT'S A MATTER OF TASTE

AND ALSO AN OCTOPUS-EATING HAWK

AH!

FRESH WATER OR NOT, MY SHIP IS TOAST... YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A SPARE PROPELLER BY ANY CHANCE, WOULD YOU?

I'M ABOUT TO RUN OUT OF FUEL. LET'S TRADE. YOU GIVE ME FUEL AND I PULL YOU. GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT LIKE WHEN YOU WERE INSURANCE

ONE OF MY FORMER JOBS. FAR FROM THE BEST ONE OF ALL... BUT OK FOR THE TRADE... YOUR KINDNESS IS MUCH WELCOME ..

... SO I GOT INTO 20TH CENTURY PAINTINGS. STILL LOTS PEOPLE INTO THAT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE... I RESCUED SOME PAINTINGS, RESTORED A FEW OTHERS. I HAD THREE BACONS AT SOME POINT... ANY RELATION TO FRANCIS, BY ANY CHANCE?

FRANCIS WHO?

NO ONE. IT'S ALL RIGHT!

.. WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME ANYTHING. WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE BEFORE THE FIT OF RAGE!

I KILLED A BIT .. A LOT IN FACT!

.. AND THEN I BECAME A GUINEA PIG. STILL AM ACTUALLY - BUT A FREE ROAMING ONE AS IT GOES

A KILLER? AND GUINEA PIG TO BOOT? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM WITH THAT KIND OF RESUME?

..

OVER THERE. TEN O'CLOCK!.. A CONVOY!

FOUR SHIPS!

THEY'RE FAST. THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US!

ISLAMISTS OR NIHILISTS. I WOULD SAY!

CHINESE!

NO WAY

NEO-NIETZCHE NIHILISTS... I'M POSITIVE!

IF YOU SAY SO...

I'M LEAVING YOU WITH YOUR CONVICTIONS, LESTER! I WAS GLAD TO MEET YOU... TRULY!

GO LONG!

HEEY!!!

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IN THE TRENCHES OF ONIRIA

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

PRIVATE NIGHTMARE

OPEN

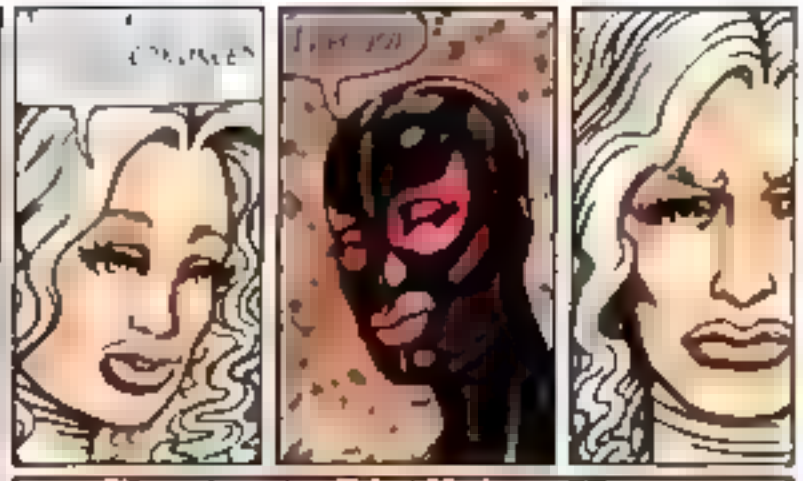
OPEN

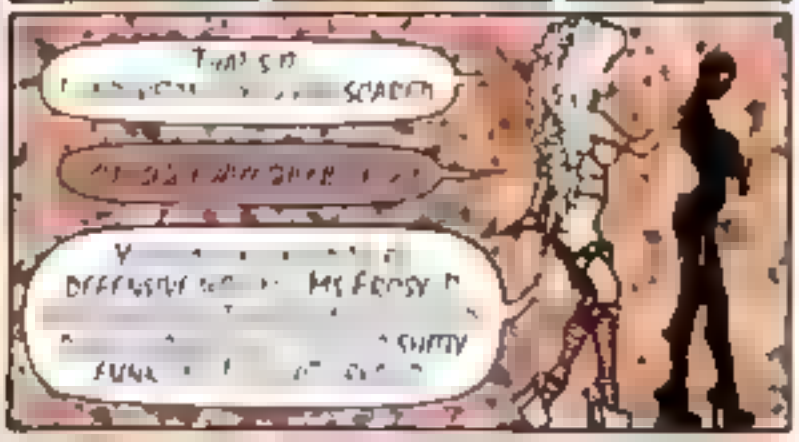
OPEN MS FROSH

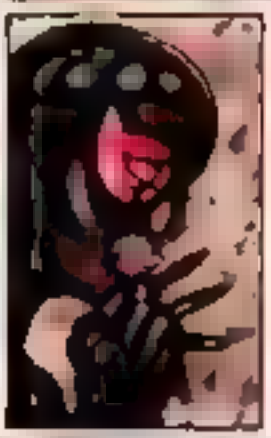
I KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE

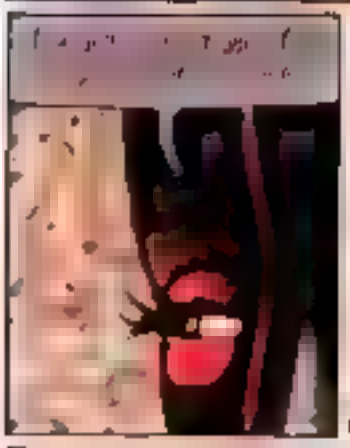
HOW FUNNY

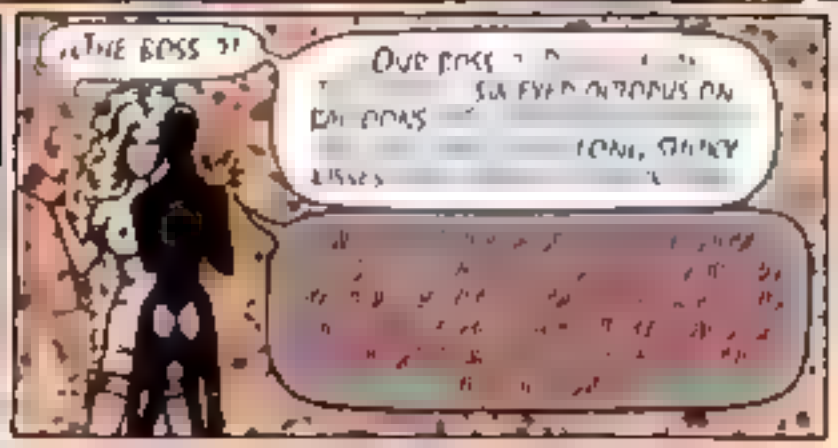
OOPS

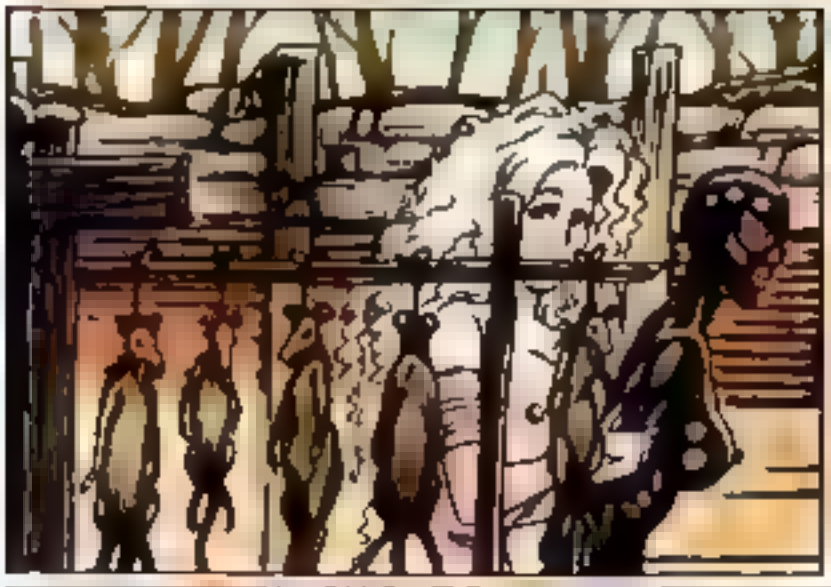


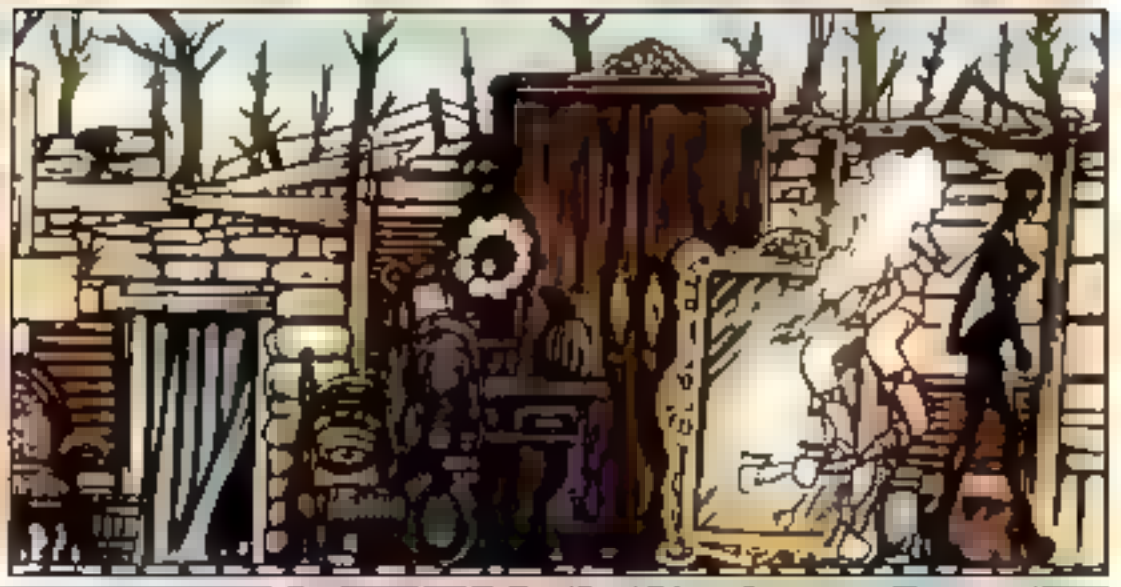


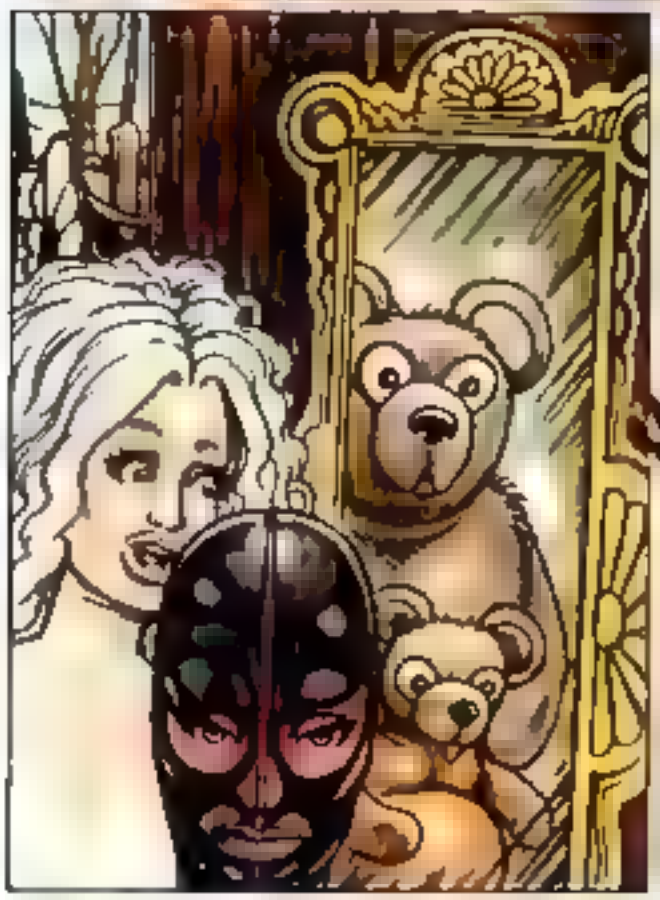


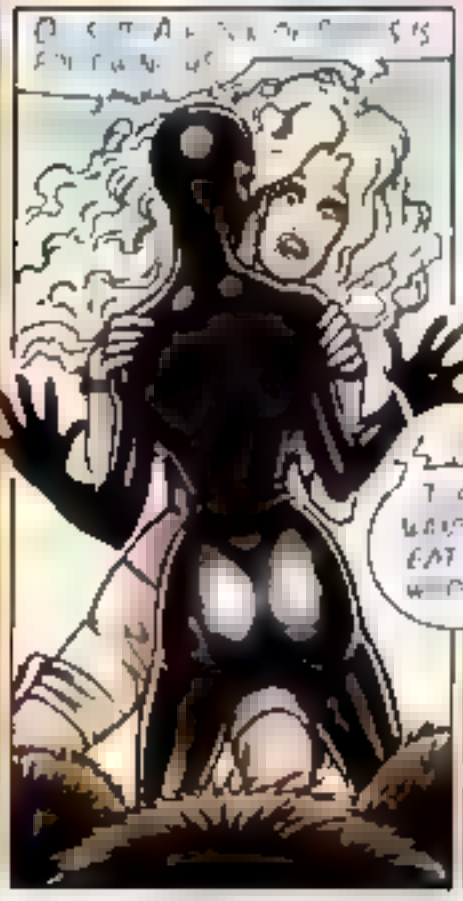


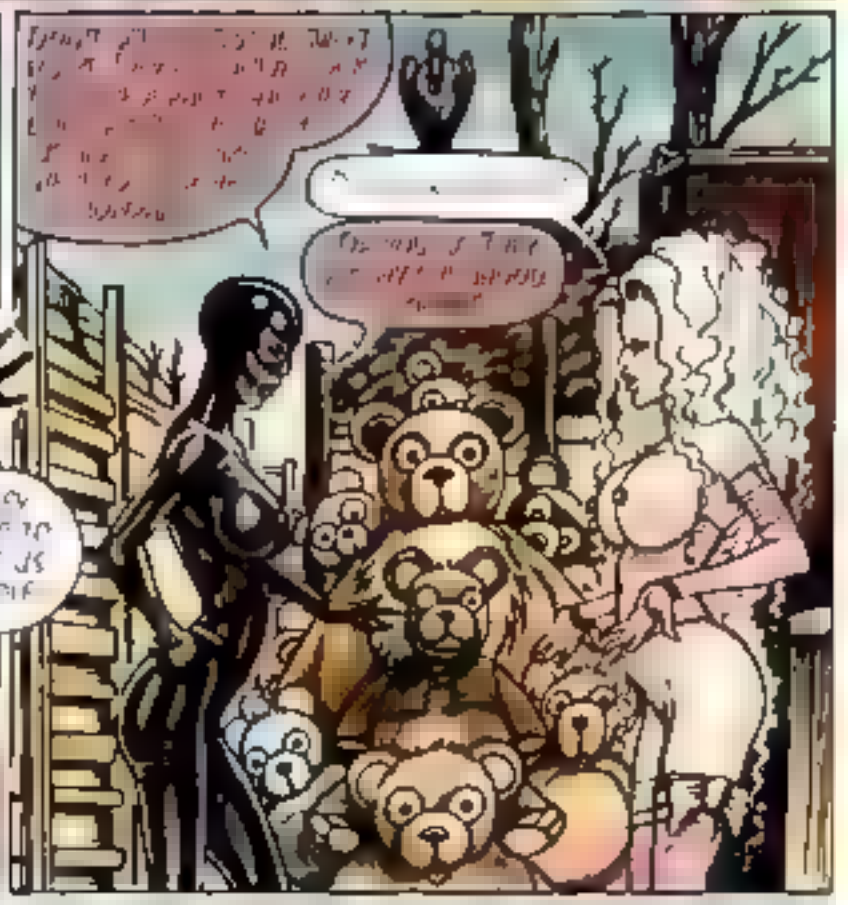


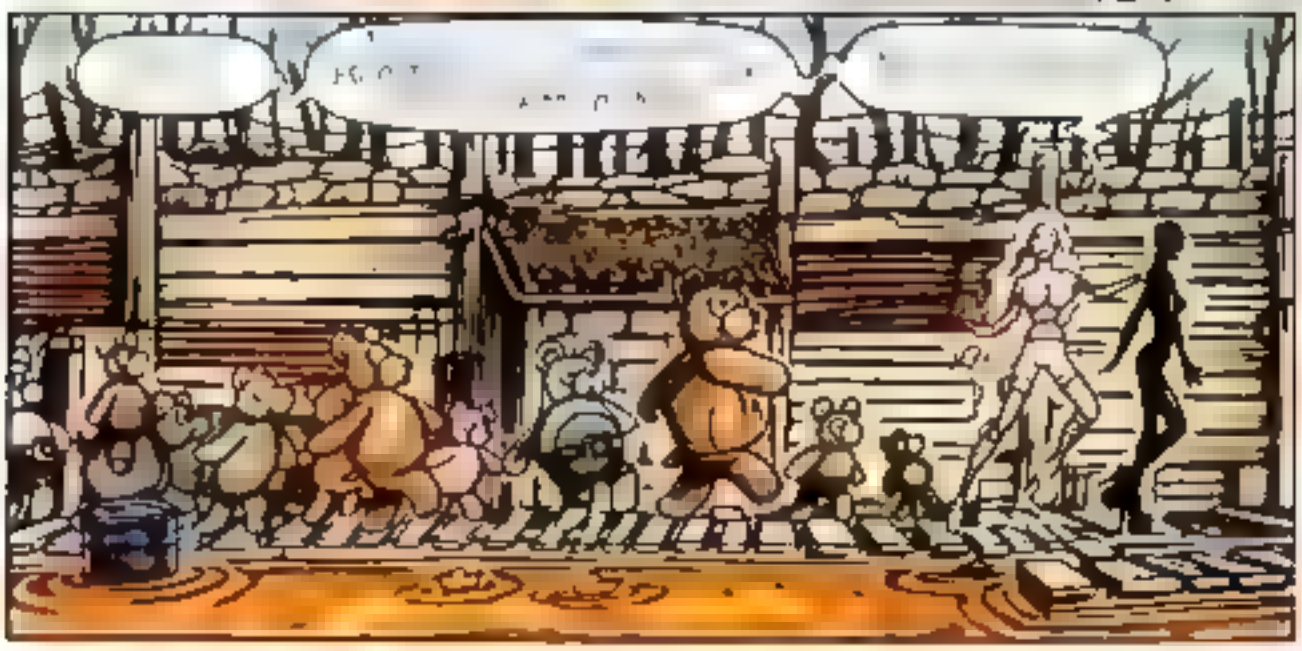







I'M GONNA EAT US





HA HA HA
?

I BEG YOUR PARDON ?

BUT YOU ARE FULL OF MAGGOTS

YES IT'S A SECONDARY EFFECT OF BEING COLD MEAT IF RATS DON'T EAT YOU, MAGGOTS WILL

BUT WE DON'T CARE RIGHT BOYS? SINCE THE SERVICE DAY HASN'T REACHED THIS TRENCH CORNER FOR A LONG WHILE WE USE THEM FOR BETTING

YOU KNOW AS IF THEY WERE BEANS

GOSH!

DON'T BE ALARMED, MADEMOISELLE, PLEASE ! IT WAS THE SHOCK WAVE FROM A BOCHE'S SHELL WHAT LEFT US SITTING HERE PLAYING CARDS FOR EVER

DAMN IT JEAN PIERRE! WE FINALLY HAVE AN INTERESTING VISIT AND YOU SCARE HER

WOULD YOU MIND NOT STEPPING OFF THE FLOORBOARDING, MADEMOISELLE? YOUR HEEL IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN A DAMNED BOCHE'S BAYONET

I KEEP MY FEET ON THE GROUND

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?

OOPS I'M IN THE CLOUDS

UNCONSCIOUS REFLEX ACTION SUBCONSCIOUS

USIEL, NOW WHAT YOU ARE UP THERE, YOU ARE SEE IF YOU SPOT SOMETHING AROUND

BU22 AS IF THEY WERE A BUMBLEBEES' SWARM

YOU'D BETTER HIDE! WE DON'T KNOW IF THEY ARE FRIENDS OR FOES.

YOU ARE CRAZY

G17

G17

IIB

OH! HOW CUTE TOY PLANES

GROW TINY POCKET SIZE

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S JUST A HIGH ALTITUDE MIRAGE, CAPTAIN, EH!

A GROSSGLOCKNER' SIZE FROILAN SHOWED ME A NIPPLE AND GREETED ME WITH A WAVE OF HER HAND.

WHAT?!! A GIANT FROILAN SHOWED YOU HER NIPPLE?

SHOOT HER, SHOOT HER, SERGEANT FOR GOD'S SAKE!!

IT CAN ONLY BE A SECRET WEAPON COMING FROM THOSE FRENCH MEN!

HEY! YOU IDIOT.

S.!!!

AS SOMETHING AT HER!

AAAAAH!!!

WE'D BETTER RETREAT, CAPTAIN!!

WE ARE THE ONLY PLANE LEFT AND THE FROILAN IS POINTING A FINGER AT US!

SEE? I TOLD YOU!! YOU CAN'T RELY ON THOSE DAMNED FRENCHMEN! IT WAS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPON CAMOUFLAGED AS A FROILAN

AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE AT THE AIRFIELD I'LL CONTACT THE FAIR PLAY COMMISSION. WE MUST ACTIVATE OPERATION DEATHWISH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

SO BAD TO THINK THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO VETOED THAT SECRET OPERATION FOR CONSIDERING IT UNGENTLEMANLY

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, HADENHYSFILE. YOU SAVED US FROM A TERRIBLE BOMBING

ALTHOUGH WITH YOUR SKILLS CALLING YOU MADEMOISELLE DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT TO ME

WHO ARE YOU? PALLAS ATHENA MAYBE? IF THAT'S SO, YOU MUST GO UNDERCOVER, BECAUSE YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT LIKE THE GODDESS WHO LAST VISITED THIS FRONT SECTOR

MAIS OUI. WE HAVE PLENTY OF THOSE AROUND HERE... RATS I MEAN. AT NIGHT TIME THEY ARE A REAL PEST. BUT YOU, MY DEAR, DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE OF THOSE UNPLEASANT RODENTS AT ALL. AND I MEAN, SAYS SO. EXCUSE MY SHAME LESSNESS MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE. I KNOW THAT YOUR LOVELY FRIEND'S NAME IS LADY DREAMY AMANDA BUT I DON'T KNOW YOURS YET

OH, PERFECT. THEN LADY KNIGHT MARIE WILL BE I FIND IT CHARMING LISTENING TO YOUR NAMES TITLES AND THE LANGUAGE YOU USE. I DEDUCE THAT YOU BOTH ARE SUBJECTS TO THE KING OF ENGLAND. AM I RIGHT?

AH OF COURSE! NOW EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE. I WAS WONDERING, WHAT BUSINESS COULD A COUPLE OF LOVELY YOUNG LADIES HAVE IN SUCH A QUAGMIRE. YOU ARE A TEAM OF SUFFRAGETTES EMBARKED IN A MISSION OF SOME TYPE TO

SPREAD YOUR MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT THE OLD WORLD, ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

S...

INSTEAD OF HAVING SO MANY SCRUPLES, YOU SHOULD...
IT WAS WYOMING, IN 1869, THE FIRST STATE WORLDWIDE TO GRANT THE RIGHT TO VOTE FOR WOMEN.

I SEE...

YES, JUST A PAIR OF MEALYS WITH A CAUSE WOULD GET INTO MUD UP TO THE GROINS TO DEMAND THE SAME RIGHTS THAT MEN HAVE. BUT BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR MADEMOISELLES, IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T PUT WAR IN YOUR BAG OF CLAIMS.

?

AND THE BEARS?

...

I SEE

...

THAT EVEN WHEN YOUR BODY AND APPAREL INSIST ON STATING QUITE THE OPPOSITE, AT HEART YOU ARE STILL A LITTLE GIRL, MY DEAR.

BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT MORE PLEASANT SUBJECTS.

YES... COME HERE. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I LIKE THESE COSTUMES YOU WEAR. THEY DON'T LEAVE MUCH TO IMAGINATION. WHAT ARE THEY MADE OF? RUBBER?

...

MAKES YOU WHAT A DELICATE RUBBER! BUT APART FROM RAISING THE MORALE OF A DEAD MAN, WHAT ARE THESE COSTUMES MEANT TO DO? ARE THEY SOME SORT OF EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPE OF A FULL BODY MASK TO PROTECT YOU AGAINST GERMAN GASSES, MAYBE?

...

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY DEAR MADEMOISELLES. IT WAS AN UNDISCIPLINED IMPULSE FROM MY LOST YOUTH.

AND RETURNING TO THE SUBJECT, I MUST SAY THAT GERMAN'S GAS CAN MAKE YOU THROW YOUR LUNGS UP THROUGH YOUR MOUTH. BUT IT IS NOT EXPELLED THROUGH THEIR REAR PITS AFTER EATING BEANS. NO, THIS IS NOT THE KIND OF GAS I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

EXCUSE ME SOLDIER BOY! IS THIS THE PASSCHENDAELE RIDGE S SECTOR NORTH-EAST OF THE YPRES SALIENT?

WE ARE THE FRESH REINFORCEMENTS

MAIS OUI MON OFFICIEL THIS IS THE PLACE AND YOU ARE VERY WELCOME

BY THE WAY BY THE UNIFORM I RECOGNIZE MOST OF ALL YOUR COUNTRIES OF ORIGIN BUT

WHERE DO THESE GUNS COME FROM?

THESE SOLDIERS ARE OUR MOST DEFEAT SECRET WEAPON LAST JUNE THEY WERE TERRIFICALLY EFFECTIVE IN THE BATTLE OF MESSINES' RIDGE

TO ME THEY LOOK LIKE BIG HOLES IN UNIFORM

WELL THEY ARE IN FACT

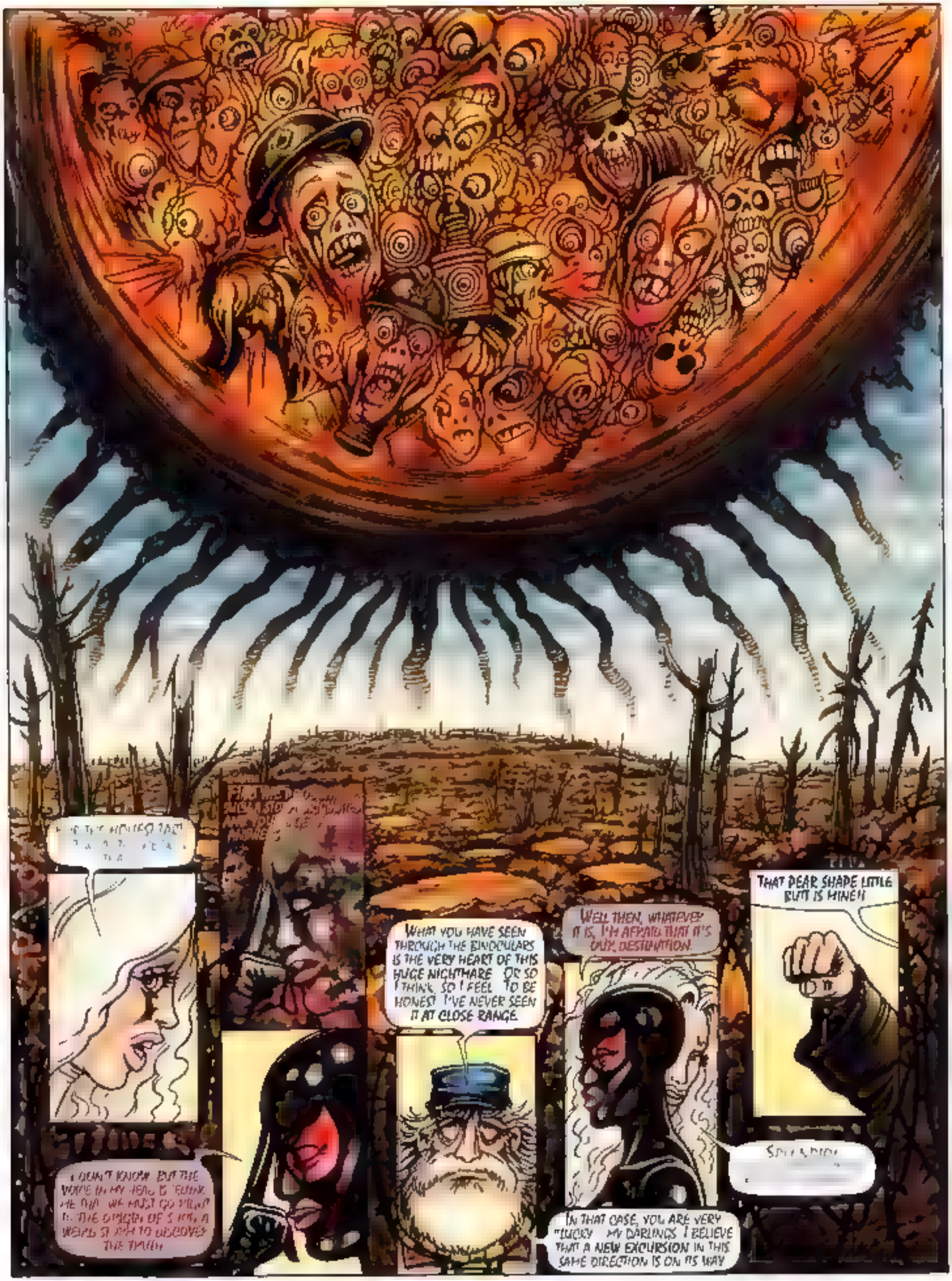
OF COURSE I SEE

COULD YOU TELL US WHEN IS THE NEXT EXCURSION EXPECTED MONSIEUR? OUR SECRET WEAPONS NEED CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TIME TO BECOME EFFECTIVE AND PERHAPS WE SHOULD PUT THEM TO WORK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

I DON'T KNOW GENERALS DON'T TELL ME A WORD UNTIL THE MOMENT ARRIVES BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT WE WILL BE MOVING SOON IT'S BEEN PEACEFUL FOR TOO LONG BUT YOU MAY ASK THE TWO YOUNG LADIES PLAYING WITH THE FIELD GLASSES MAYBE THEY SEE IT MORE CLEARLY

THANK YOU MONSIEUR WE'LL DO SO

UHUM! LADIES WELL SO BUFI IF YOU EXCUSE ME EHEM! LADIES


I DON'T KNOW BUT THIS WORD IN MY HEAD IS FLASHING ME THAT WE MUST GO RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF SOMETHING WEIRD SO AS TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH
WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN THROUGH THE BINOCULARS IS THE VERY HEART OF THIS HUGE NIGHTMARE OR SO I THINK, SO I FEEL TO BE HONEST I'VE NEVER SEEN IT AT CLOSE RANGE.
WELL THEN, WHATEVER IT IS, I'M AFRAID THAT IT'S OUR DESTINATION.
IN THAT CASE, YOU ARE VERY "LUCKY" MY DARLINGS I BELIEVE THAT A NEW EXCURSION IN THIS SAME DIRECTION IS ON ITS WAY
THAT REAR SHAPE LITTLE BUTT IS MINE!!

I SAW IT FIRST!

NO IT'S MINE. IT'S MINE!

DAMNED AUSSIE SUCKER!

THERE ARE TWO OF THEM ONE WHITE AND ANOTHER BLACK!

I WANT THE WHITE ONE!

NO THAT'S MINE

KANGAROO DICK!

BALL BUSTER KING!

KEEP DREAMING. THAT ONE IS MINE!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A PAIR OF WOMEN LIKE THESE SCOTTISH LITTLE GIRLS? YOU ARE WEARING SKIRTS!

STOP SPANKING ME, YOU DAMNED SON OF A DRUNK MOOSE YOU ARE LUCKY YOU CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD

IF YOU WANT TO JOIN US IN OUR NEXT EXCURSION IT WOULD BE BEST FOR ALL OF US THAT YOU PUT SOMETHING ON SO AS TO HIDE A LITTLE YOUR WELL EHEM, HOW TO PUT IT?

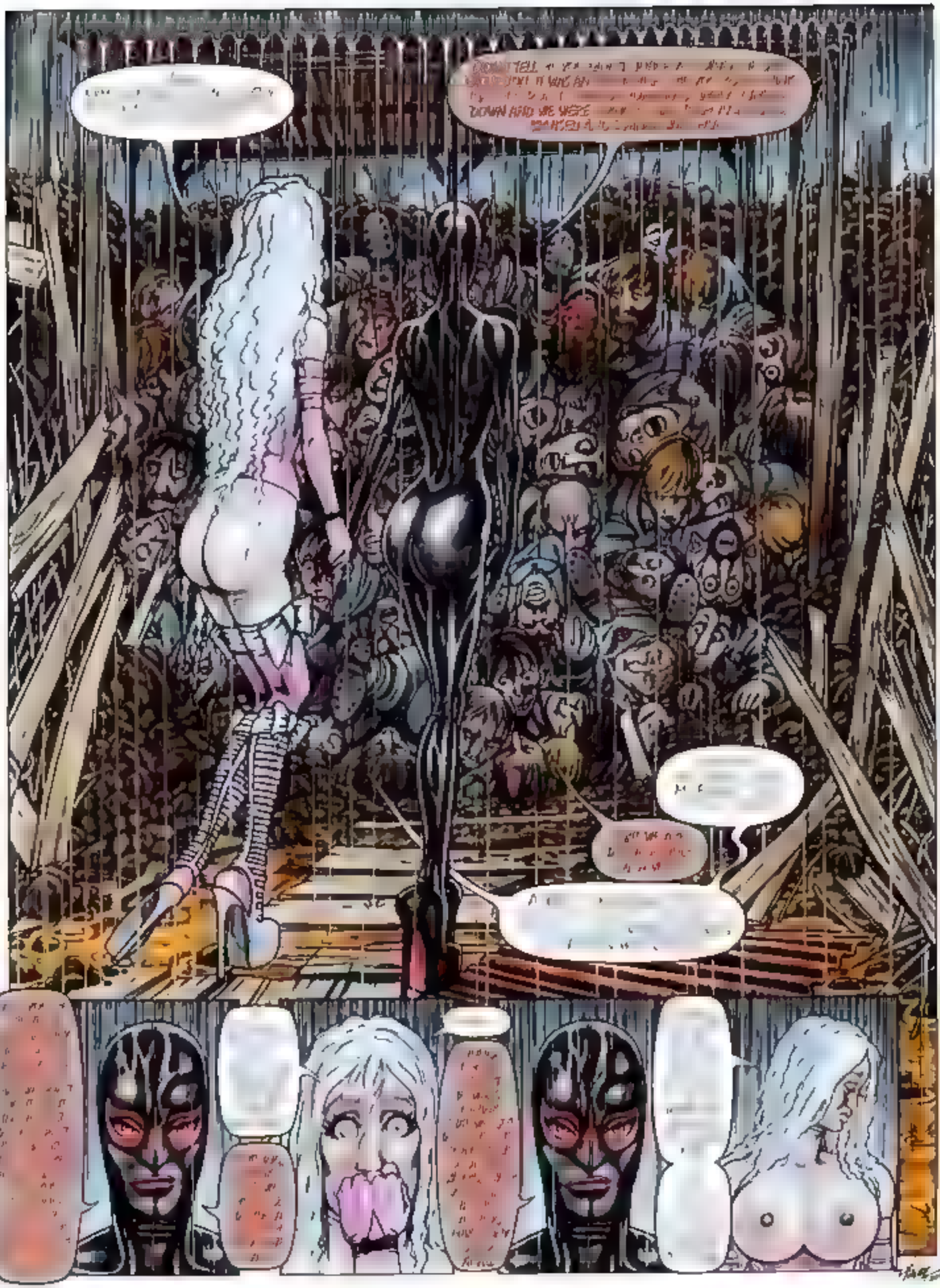
YOUR DIZZY CURVES?

WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE..., THE BOYS HAVE NOT SEEN A GIRL FOR A LONG TIME AND ESPECIALLY GIRLS SO UNDRESSED LIKE YOU. AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HORMONES RUSH DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THESE BOYS SHOULD SAVE THEIR VIGOR TO FIGHT AGAINST THE BOCHES INSTEAD OF WASTING IT FIGHTING EACH OTHER

PROW

IN THE CRATER IN THE TRENCH BACK THERE, YOU'LL FIND SOME OF MY FELLOW-COMRADES FALLEN DURING THE LAST EXCURSION. THE SHOVEL BRIGADE DIDN'T GO THROUGH TO HARVEST THE CROP YET, AND YOU CAN USE SOME OF THEIR COATS TO COVER YOU UP

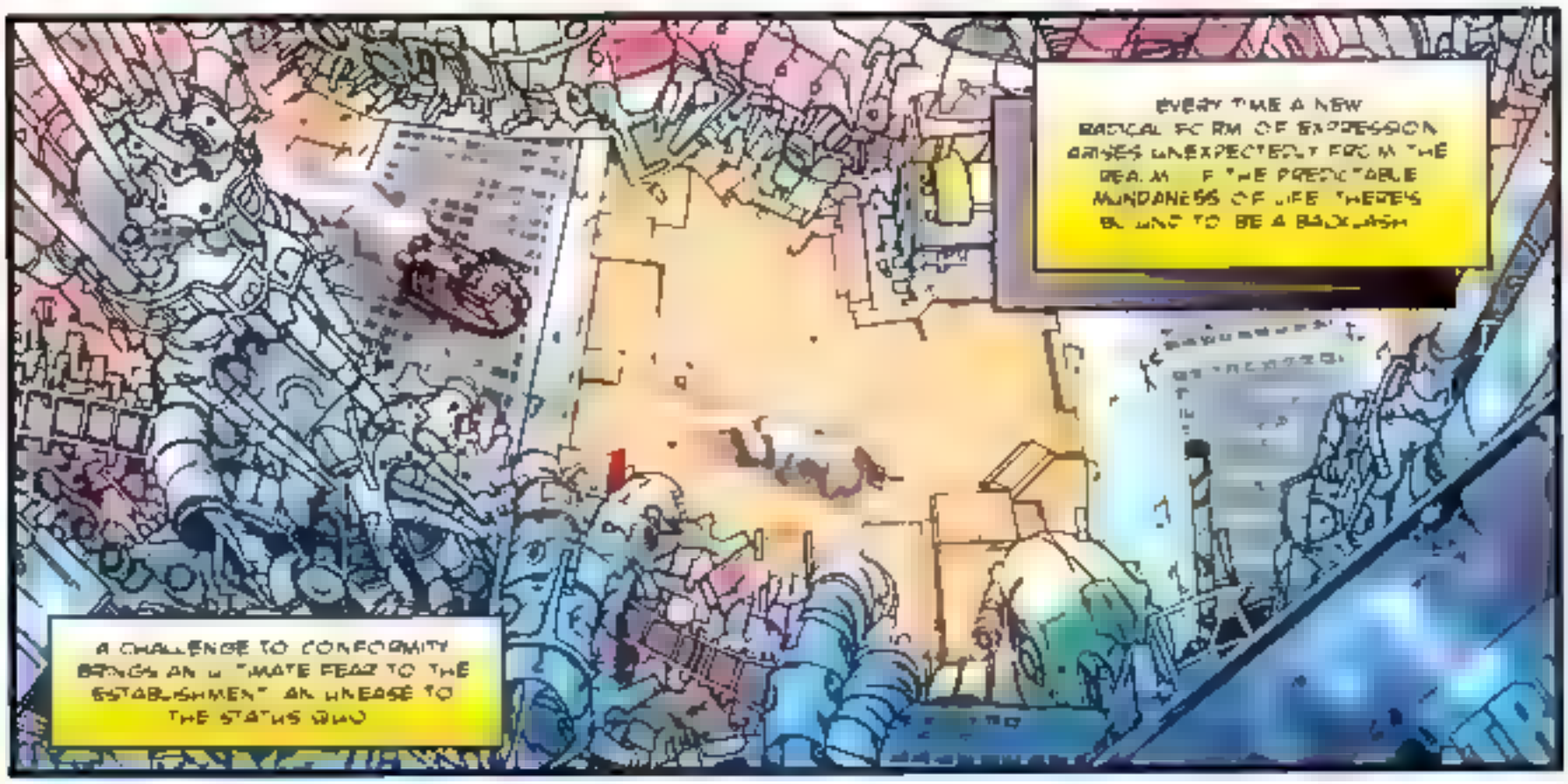
THEY ARE NOT GOING TO NEED THEM ANYMORE



STORY & ART
GT BECKS

FIENDY

LETTERING
DAVID PAUL


EVERY TIME A NEW RADICAL FORM OF EXPRESSION ARISES UNEXPECTEDLY FROM THE REALM OF THE PREDICTABLE MUNDANENESS OF LIFE THERE'S BOUND TO BE A BACKLASH
A CHALLENGE TO CONFORMITY BRINGS AN ULTIMATE FEAR TO THE ESTABLISHMENT AN UNEASE TO THE STATUS QUO
ON RARE OCCASIONS AN ARTISTIC REVOLUTION WILL BRING THE HIERARCHY TUMBLING DOWN INTO THE RUBBLE
BUMBLE
TTRRR
TTRRRR
BUT, YOU CAN REST ASSURED IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THESE ASSHOLES FIGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TOP. ANOTHER WORD: HERE WE GO AGAIN

Dear Mum,
got a new weapon today which will annihilate what little blue stuff friendly remains and make me a hero of the Empire

Hopefully this will put us back on good terms again, by at least saving me kiss your ass
Your loving son
Staggy

chchchuk

FFRRRR

Dear Mamma,
I know I've disappointed you and the family by becoming a starving rabid wreck.

Well
to ugly Tit the Turds!
I hope these two blue balls you've on blast into a seconds haze of schrattfrat!
Go die a dead death!
Love,
Fieldy.

OONZTENSCHROTTEN! TALK ABOUT BAD CHAIN REACTIONS!

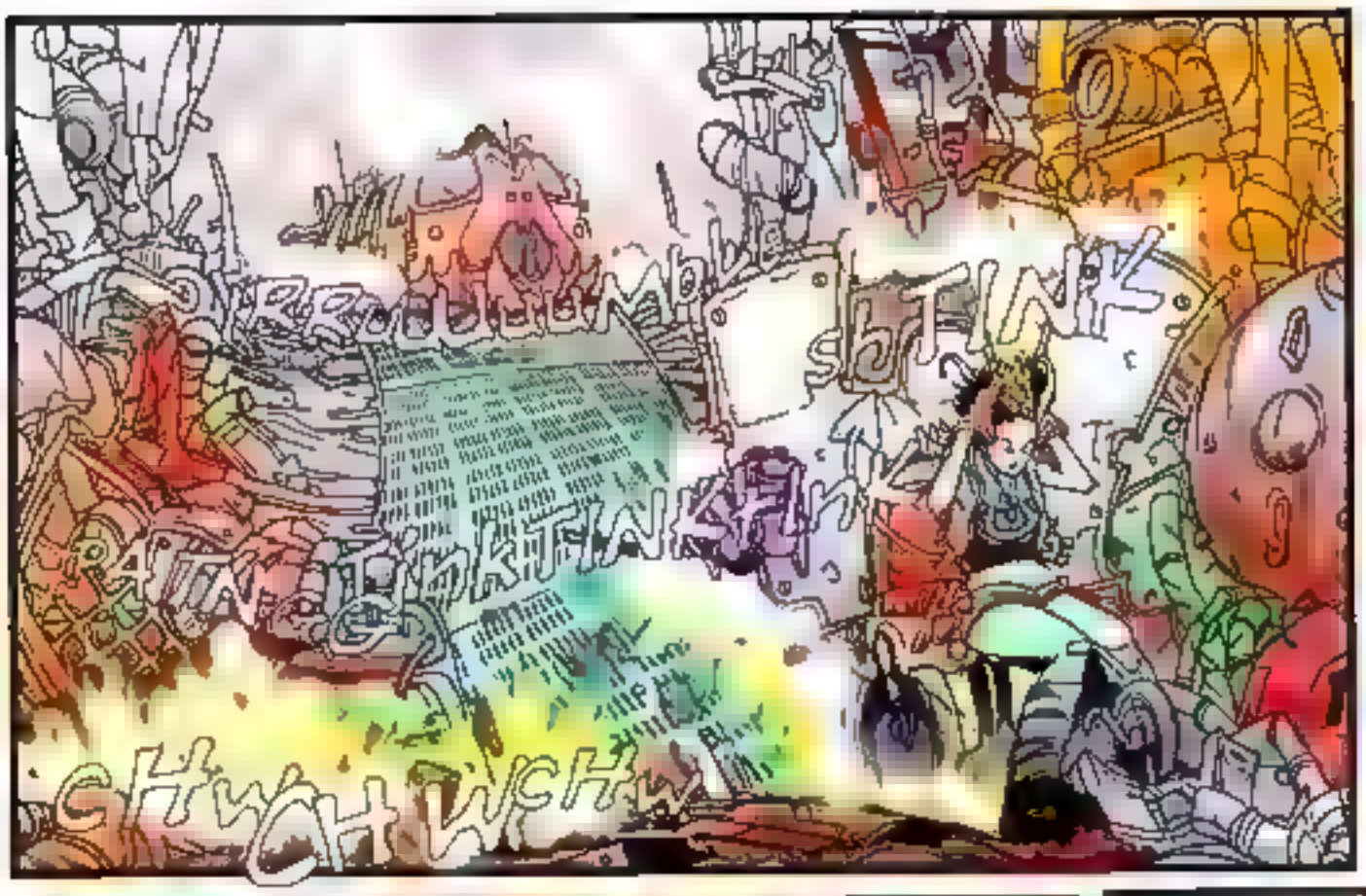
CH-CHINK!

·pATuUH...

KLONK!
THUNK!

?

RRUUmmBLe


BRRR

WELL, HAND ME YOUR GUNS AND I'LL SNEAK UP ON HER AND SHOOT HER IN THE BACK OR SOMETHING.

AH SIR YOU WERE SO CONFIDENT ABOUT THE WEAPONS SYSTEM ON THE HOBORBUS. YOU SAID WE DIDN'T NEED THEM.

YEAH EVEN AFTER I SUGGESTED WE TAKE THEM ALONG JUST IN CASE OF--

OH. SHUT UP. SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

GET THIS THING FIXED AND PAY THAT STUPID CHARGE. IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL JUST HAVE TO USE MY WITS!

HEHEHEHE

WITS? HAHA

MEN GENERAL HAS THE BRAIN OF AN ANUS. THERE'S NO WAY HE'LL FALL FOR THIS. BUT I KNOW THAT HE WILL

PENDHEIMMER! IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS YOU HAVE NO PLACE TO RUN. YOU ARE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED

COME UP INTO THE OPEN SO WE CAN BLOW YOU AWAY!

THINK AGAIN STAGNATION!

WHAT I HAVE HERE IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON IN THE INCOMPLETE GALAXY

YOU DO REALIZE THAT THAT IS A TOILET SEAT!

THAT'S STAGN.TE!

YOU ASKED FOR IT SCHROTTFACE!

ZERSTORUNG!

KKLAANK

EVERY THING'S BACK ON LINE SIR WE'RE GOOD TO GO!

GOOD AIM FOR HER ASS AND WORK YOUR WAY UP FROM THERE

YES SIR!

FIRE AWAY MEN GENERAL!

READY!

ZZHMMm

AIM!

AH. FLEE?

THOOOMMM!

NOW THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU PIECES OF SCHROTT

YOU DONT MESS WITH FIENDHEAMER !!!

AND WITH THE OBSTACLES OUT OF HER WAY

STOMP STOMP

GRRUMBLE

THE ARTIST IS NOW FREE TO EXPRESS HERSELF

AND TO BE HIT BY INSPIRATION FROM ABOVE

CRASH!

END

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

NO. THAT'S TOO EASY

TOO GLIB!

AN EXCUSE FOR INDIVIDUALS NOT TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR CRIMES.

AND WHAT ARE YOU, DRAGON?

BUT A WAR CRIMINAL

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DARKEST OF CRIMES.

AT LEAST I DON'T LIE TO MYSELF LIKE YOU GHOULS.

OPPENHEIMER HAD A CHOICE. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DEVISE A WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION

TRUMAN DIDN'T HAVE TO USE THE PEOPLE OF HIROSHIMA AS HUMAN GUINEA PIGS AND PAWNS IN THE COLD WAR.

THE PILOT DIDN'T HAVE TO MINDLESSLY OBEY ORDERS.

MY VENDETTA IS OVER. THE PEOPLE OF HIROSHIMA ARE AVENGED THANKS TO YOU, REQUIEM.

REQUIEM?

REQUIEM?

HELL DOES HAVE A FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED... ME!

BATHORY'S BATH HOUSE

I SENSE THE PIRATES HAVE BREACHED OUR DEFENSES.

AND ALL MY GUARDS HAVE GONE TO THE BATTLEMENTS.

IT'S NO MATTER. NOTHING MUST DISTURB ME WHILE I M IN MY BATH

GRRRRRRRRR!!!

NOOOO!

AAAHA!!

AAAAHHH!!!

BATHORY!!!

I SEE YOU'VE GOTTEN THROUGH A LOT OF VIRGINS TO SUPPLY YOUR BEAUTY TREATMENT BATHORY

PITY IT HASN'T WORKED.

YOU COULD BATHE IN THE BLOOD OF A MILLION VIRGINS AND STILL NOT LOOK AS LOVELY AS ME

!!!

!!!

!!!

EVERYONE REACTS LIKE THAT WHEN THEY SEE ME.

YOU REPULSIVE LOOKING HORRORS!

YOU REPULSIVE LOOKING HORRORS!

AND YOU, SKINNY BITCH! THE UGLIEST OF THEM ALL!

AAAAHHH!!!!

YOU FINALLY GOT YOURS

THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM BEING SO FUSSY ABOUT YOUR FOOD!

I HAVE ULTIMATE POWERS OF REGENERATION

WUND

WUND

WUND

WUND

WUND

LET'S PUT THAT TO THE TEST!

LOOKS LIKE YOU FAILED, BATHORY!

VICTORY TO THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATES!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

YOU FILTHY GHOUL!

YOU DARE TO BREACH MY PRIVY CHAMBER!

EAT MY PLAYMATES!

CLEARLY VENUS ENVY HAS TURNED YOUR TINY MIND

BLAM!

THERE IS NO PLEASURE IN ENDING YOU.

NO JOY IN HEARING YOUR CRIES OF PAIN

OR YOUR ENTREATIES FOR MERCY

CONTAMINATE MY BATH WITH YOUR REVOLTING PRESENCE!

AND HAVE THE EFFRONTERY TO BELIEVE YOU ARE AN OBJECT OF DESIRE

AAAGHH!

I'M GOING TO KEEP THIS SIMPLE

DOING THIS TO MY USUAL CUTIES WOULD HAVE ME SCREAMING WITH PLEASURE

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!!

IT'S STILL NOT BAD.

WUNP

SSSSKKRRRRRRR

IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING I'D HAVE BROUGHT A HARPOON AND A BLUBBER BOILING VAT

SUCH INTRUSIONS INTO MY CHAMBER WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

NORMALLY WE DRACULAS RULE, BUT WE DO NOT GOVERN.

INSTEAD WE CONTENT OURSELVES WITH RULING THE GOVERNMENT

CLEARLY THERE IS SOMETHING VERY WRONG WITH THE CURRENT GOVERNMENT

TIME FOR REGIME CHANGE!

GIVE THEM DEAF FROM ABOVE

EXTREME NOISE TERROR!

FULL METAL SONIC ATTACK!

THE MUSIC OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

THEY'RE NOT EXPIRING FAST ENOUGH WE NEED TO DROP THE HEAVY METAL BOMBS!

WHAT?

BOMBS LOADED WITH THE GREATEST PUREST COMPRESSED CLASSIC MIGHTY METAL CONCERTS OF ALL TIME

WHAT?!

SATURATION SOUND BOMBING!

WHAT?!!

"A HEAVY METAL BLITZKRIEG! NOONE CAN SURVIVE THAT MUCH METAL!

YOU'RE TOO CLOSE SHE CAN'T READ YOUR LIPS.

WHAAATT?!!!

BOMBS EMBEDDED WITH SLAYER FROM THE CLASSIC "REIGN IN BLOOD-SOUTH OF HEAVEN" PERIOD! NAPALM DEATH'S SCUM YOUR MOTORHEAD'S NO SLEEP TILL HAMMERSMITH"

"WELL, SAY IT DON'T SPRAY IT! I'M DEAF. NOT BLIND!

THEY WILL CAUSE HUMONGOUS HEADBANGS!

MURDEROUS MOSHING!

DO WHAT HE WILL'S SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

DEATH METAL HOLOCAUST!

I HAVE CREATED A WHOLE NEW GENRE OF STAGE DIVING!

THE ULTIMATE DEATH DIVE!

YOU'RE NOTHING UNTIL YOU'VE CREATED A SUB-GENRE OF YOUR OWN

·/

··/

IT'S THE N BOMB OF HEADBANGS!

I WISH I HAD A T SHIRT OF THIS ... LIKE SOUVENIRS!

·/

·?

··/

HELL AIN'T A BAD PLACE TO BE. OUR ALBUM COVERS DID NOT LIE

··/

WE OUGHT TO KNOW, WE BOUGHT ENOUGH OF THEM WHEN WE WERE ALIVE

BUT WAS HEAVEN EVER A POSSIBILITY FOR US?

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION WITH THE MANAGEMENT. THEY WANTED PRAYER AND WE WANTED SLAYER!

·

··///

THERE'S A REALLY BAD MUSIC SCENE IN HEAVEN

THE SINGING GUN NUT AGE PAN PIPES ENYA FOR ALL ETERNITY

·/

AT LEAST WE GOT RID OF THE EMO FANS THEY'RE ALL UP THERE NOW! NEH NEH. NEH!

·/

'THE BEAST' WE ARE NOT WORTHY!

INDEED YOU ARE NOT BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE

666

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW

:/

YOUR SATANIC MAJESTY I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN LOOK WHAT I'VE HAD TATTOED ON MY ARMS!

NICE BUT COULD YOU NOT HAVE SIMPLY MEMORIZED IT? IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S VERY LONG.

666

NOW TO BUSINESS. I HAVE JUST LEARNED MITRA HAS BEEN EXPIRED

666

BOARD HER CITY AND BRING ME HER SERAPHIM MISSLE

MASTER THURIAN WE WOULD DIE FOR YOU IF WE WERE NOT ALREADY DEAD BUT THAT WOULD BE AN ACT OF TREACHERY!

TREACHERY IS A VIRTUE, HAS IT ESCAPED YOUR NOTICE THAT YOU ARE IN HELL?

:!

REALLY? I THOUGHT WE WERE AT HELLFEST

:?

SO WHAT DO WE GET OUT OF IT?

THE SAME AS WHEN A SPORTMAN WIS A GREAT TROPHY

:/

OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT THEN!! LET'S GO.

YOU DO NOT GET TO KEEP THE TROPHY, YOU GET TO KEEP THE FAME

LET'S BLISTER OUR SISTERS!

A DARK DAY OF MOURNING. SISTERS! HAVE YOU COME TO PRAISE MITRA?

WE'VE COME TO BURY YOU!

YOU WILL SUFFER FOR BREAKING THE PIRATE LAW!

THERE IS NO LAW SAVE THE LAW OF THE BEAST

AND ALL THE SUFFERING SHALL BE DONE BY YOU!

THE TRUSTING LAMB DESERVES TO BE SLAUGHTERED!

SO SAYS THE MASTER!

SHE GIVES GOOD HEAD.

BUT TAKES BETTER HEADS!

TRAITOR, BITCH-BETRAYER, SATANIC SLUT... GROUPIE!

WHAD DID YOU CALL ME?!!

YOU CAN CALL ME A TRAITOR- I TAKE IT AS A COMPLIMENT..

YOU CAN CALL ME A BITCH BETRAYER I AM..

CALLING ME A SATANIC SLUT IS THE CHERRY ON TOP!

BUT DON'T EVER CALL ME THE "G WORD"!

THE SERAPHIM MISSLE!

LOAD IT ON BOARD! AND PRIME THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES!

YOU LOOK FAR AWAY WHAT IS IT?

I'M JUST REMEMBERING SOMETHING THE MASTER SAID ABOUT US..

"I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE AVERAGE MAN. I CULTIVATE FREAKS LIKE YOU. IT'S NOT THAT I LIKE THE ABNORMAL BUT IT IS FROM THE ABNORMAL THAT WE LEARN."

HEY- THE MASTER THINKS WE RE ABNORMAL! THAT'S FANTASTIC!

HE'LL GIVE US DIABOLICAL YCS FOR THIS!..

LONAVA

WITH OUR HOLY CITY UNDER THREAT WE MUST AWAKEN RUTHTRA, OUR ONCE AND FUTURE KING.

AYE IT HAS BEEN FORETOLD HE WILL SAVE DYSTOPIA IN THE HOUR OF ITS GREATEST NEED.

BUT HOW NILREM? HE HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR COUNTLESS MILLENNIA.

ACCORDING TO THE LEGENDS, A GOLDEN RAIN WILL AWAKEN HIM.

A GOLDEN RAIN, EH? WELL WHO AM I TO QUESTION THE WISDOM OF DYSTOPIA'S GREATEST SORCERER?

OPEN HIS MOUTH AND IF MY AIM BE TRUE I SIR TOLECNAL WILL AROUSE MY DEAR FRIEND AND LIEGE LORD

NO! NOT THAT KIND OF GOLDEN RAIN!

I MEAN THAT WHICH RUTHRA LOVED THE MOST AND FOUGHT FOR THE HARDEST... GOLD TREASURE!

IT IS IN HIS DRAGON NATURE TO HOARD GOLD AND THE PROSPECT OF MORE WILL BE IRRESISTIBLE TO HIM.

"GREED IS GREAT" IS HIS MOTTO

HE'S AROUSED!

WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD, SIRE.

NILREM?

YES, IT IS I, SIRE.

YOUTH HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL OF ME I'M AFRAID

THERE IS MUCH I MUST TELL YOU.. OUR BELOVED QUEEN PERFIDIA HAS BEEN CRUELLY WRONGED BY COUNT DRACULA

DONLON TREACHEROUSLY BURNED BY ATTILA. AND AS A RESULT...

WE ARE AT WAR WITH DRACONIA!

WHAT?

HOW CAN THIS BE NILREM? DURING MY REIGN DYSTOPIA WAS A CLOSE ALLY OF DRACONIA

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE PAPAL PIPELINE SIRE WE DID A DEAL WITH THE VATICAN, YOU SEE?

THE POPE IS SUPPLYING US WITH HOLY WATER SO WE CAN USE IT TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRES, THUS ENDING THEIR INCURSIONS ON EARTH

THE PIPELINE STRETCHES FROM THE VAULTS OF THE VATICAN, THROUGH A HELL GATE, TO US HERE IN DYSTOPIA.

THE WATER IS PROCESSED IN LONAVA AND USED AS THE PRIMARY EXPLOSIVE FOR OUR ARMAMENTS INDUSTRY. MAKING US VAST PROFITS.

WELL IF IT MAKES MONEY THAT'S ALL RIGHT THEN GREED IS GREAT

GREED IS INDEED GREAT SIRE. UNFORTUNATELY, THAT IS WHY DRACULA'S SKY FLEET IS ABOUT TO ATTACK YOUR HOLY CITY!

BUT OUR ELITE DRAGON SQUADRONS SHOULD PROVIDE AN ADEQUATE DEFENSE

ALAS, DRACULA NOW HAS AIRCRAFT AND CATAPULT LAUNCHED DRAGON KILLERS AT HIS DISPOSAL.

HMM WELL THANK YOU FOR WAKING ME WITH THE DISTURBING NEWS NILREM

JUST WHAT I NEEDED AFTER A SLEEP OF CENTURIES WHEN I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A DREAM WHERE I WAS HAUNCHING A COMELY YOUNG BRONTOSAUR.

AH TOLECNAL MY GOOD AND FAITHFUL KNIGHT

HAS THE PASSING OF THE YEARS IMPROVED YOUR WITS ANY?

OH INDEED, MY LORD I HAVE PERSONALLY DESIGNED OUR LATEST WEAPONS. THE PAPAL PANZERS AND THE RELIQUARIES...

MISSILES LOADED WITH SACRED SHRAPNEL SUCH AS THE NIPPLE OF SAINT BERTRAM, THE EYEBALL OF THE BLESSED HERBERT AND THE MASSIVE MEMBER OF SAINT MERVIN

IN THAT CASE, I'LL STICK TO MY SWORD.

LET US GO FORTH NOW TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE INVADERS, HOLDING IN OUR HEARTS THE NOBLE VALUES OF CHIVALRY WE HAVE ALWAYS STOOD FOR

NOT QUITE TOLECNAL I THINK YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO TOO MANY CHEAP TROUBADOURS

MY KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE...!

INDEED SIRE! TRUTH! JUSTICE AND LIBERTY!

RAPE! PILLAGE! AND MASS MURDER!

SEND IN THE DRAGON KILLERS DIVISION!

WERE-COMMANDOS! WILD YOUR MOUNTS!

FULL POWER!

RRRRRRAARRRGGH!!

CATAPULTS AWAY!

OUR ENEMY ARE BELOW, TORQUEMADA! THEY SCOFF AT RELIGION! MOCK PIETY! AND PERFORM UNSPEAKABLE SINS.

WHAT KIND OF UNSPEAKABLE SINS, MISTRESS?

THE KIND THAT CANNOT BE SPOKEN OF

AH! THAT IS A SUBJECT ON WHICH I WOULD GLADLY KEEP SILENT MISTRESS. FOR TO SPEAK OF SUCH VILE PRACTICES IS TO RISK DETHRONING THE MIND GROWING COARSE HAIR ON THE BODY AND BECOMING A FOULD AND LECHEROUS BEAST!

AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH!

THEY MUST PAY FOR THEIR VICES! THERE IS NO SAFETY FROM ME EXCEPT IN ABSOLUTE PURITY!

PERFECT! WILDER THAN EVER!

RRRARRGGH!

THE ATTACK IS PROCEEDING AS PLANNED, HIGHNESS.

BUT WHAT OF THE ASSAULT ON NECROPOLIS BY THE SKY PIRATES?

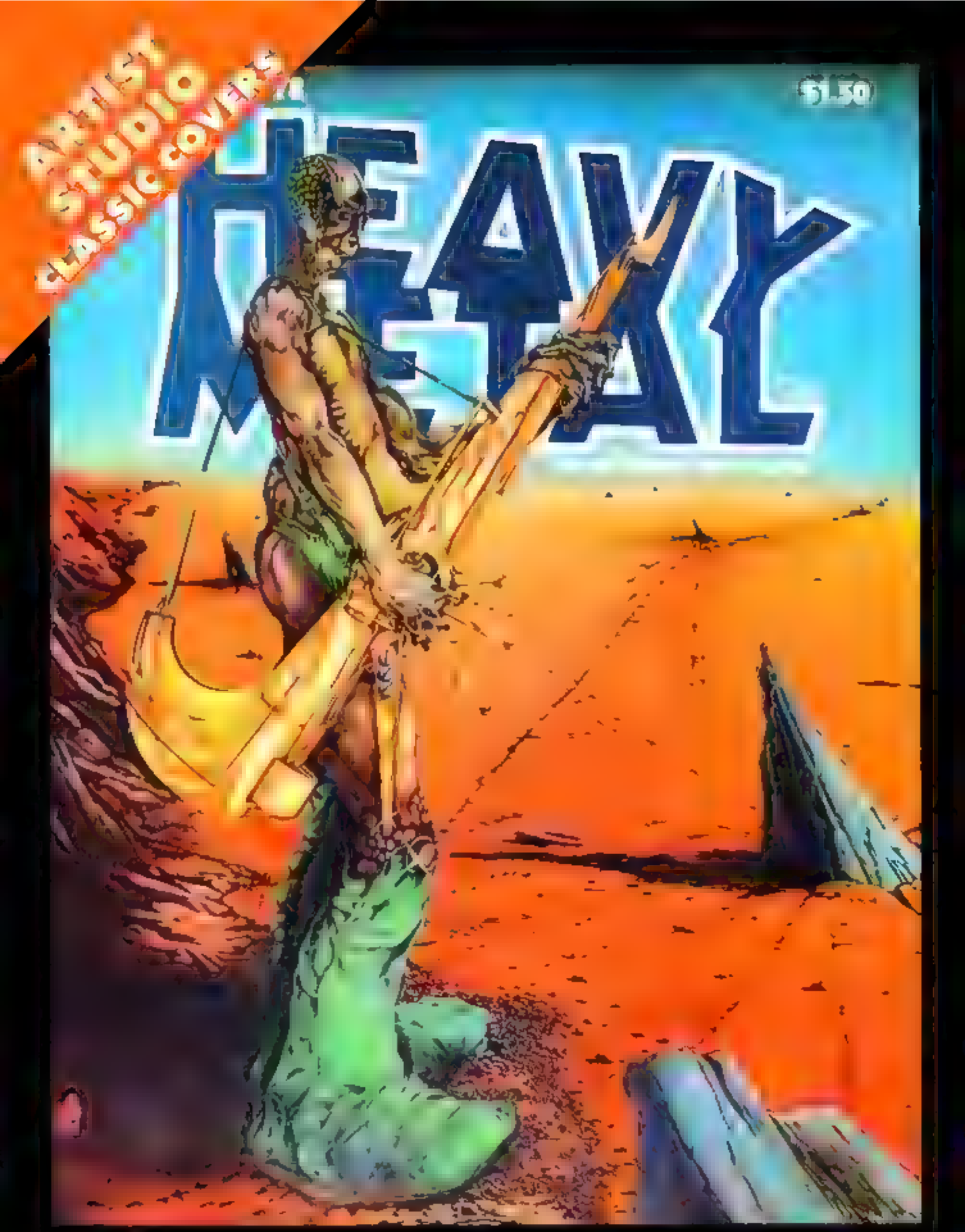
IF OUR CAPITAL IS IN DANGER, PERHAPS WE SHOULD BREAK OFF THE INVASION?

I'M SURE MY SPOUSE IS MORE THAN CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF MITRA AND HER GANG.

SO I CAN ATTEND TO THESE TREACHEROUS REPTILES.

NOW SHALL DYSTOPIA SUFFER THE VENGEANCE OF DRACULA!

THE END.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